BATMAN
No.33

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION IND

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TEN CENTS

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# ELEPHANT

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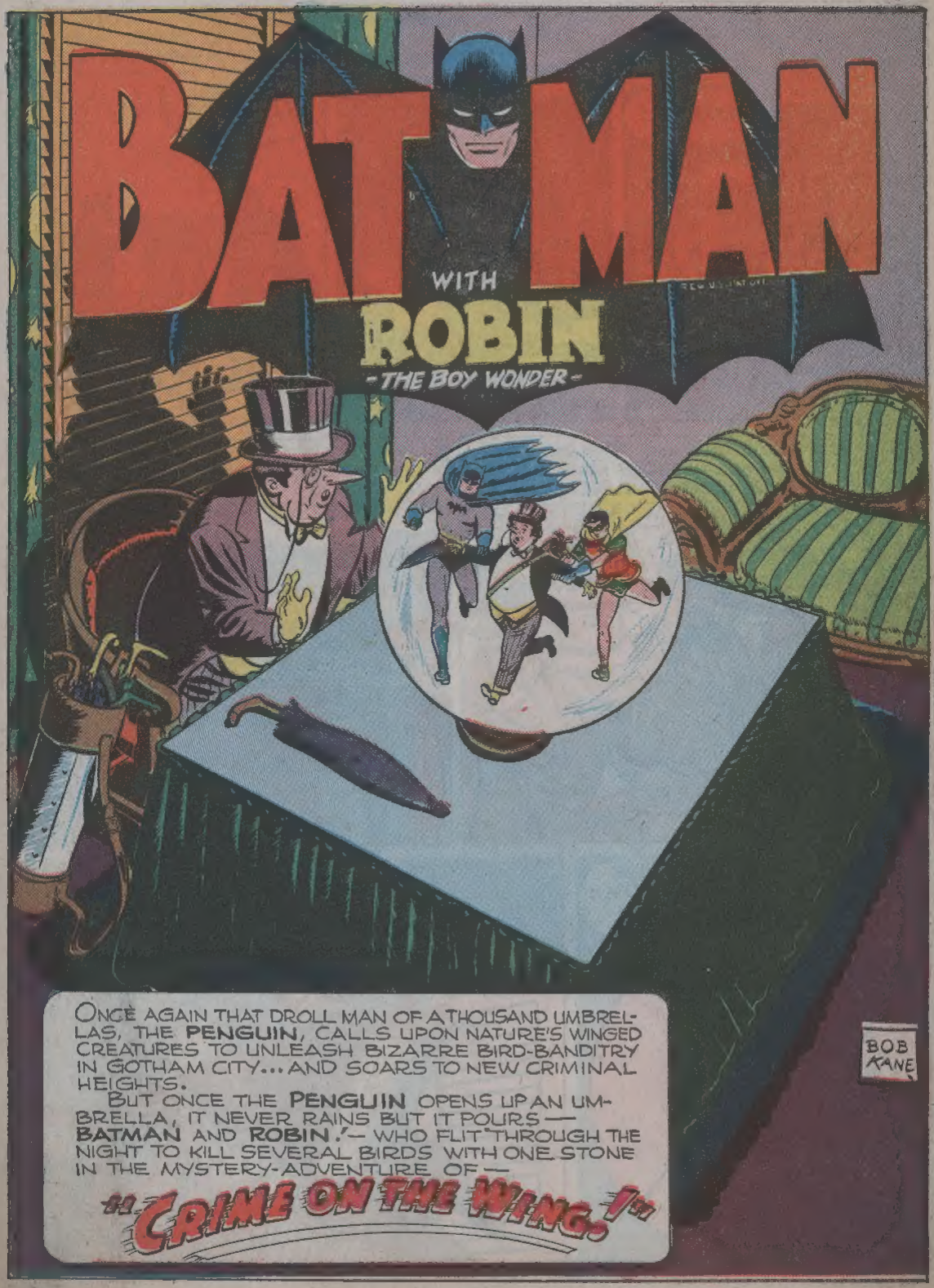

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
ONCE AGAIN THAT DROLL MAN OF A THOUSAND UMBRELLAS, THE PENGUIN, CALLS UPON NATURE'S WINGED CREATURES TO UNLEASH BIZARRE BIRD-BANDITRY IN GOTHAM CITY... AND SOARS TO NEW CRIMINAL HEIGHTS.
BUT ONCE THE PENGUIN OPENS UP AN UMBRELLA, IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS — BATMAN AND ROBIN! — WHO FLIT THROUGH THE NIGHT TO KILL SEVERAL BIRDS WITH ONE STONE IN THE MYSTERY-ADVENTURE OF —
"CRIME ON THE WING!"
BOB KANE

IF GOTHAM CITY ISN'T THE CRIMINALS' HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS, IT'S BECAUSE OF THE EXCEEDINGLY PERSISTENT...
BATMAN!
... PLUS THE EQUALLY ANNOYING...
ROBIN!
...THE SUM TOTAL ADDING UP TO ARRESTED CRIME... AND WE DO MEAN ARRESTED!
THEY'RE ALL YOURS!
WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE TROUBLED THOUGHTS OF MELANCHOLY MIKE, WILLIE THE WAG, AND RALPH THE ROOK!
I AIN'T HAPPY!
YEAH, MEL... IT'S GETTIN' SO A GUY CAN'T MAKE A DISHONEST LIVIN' NO MORE! HAW!
LOOK, ROOK, LET'S PULL THREE BIG JOBS AN' NET US ENOUGH DOUGH TO RETIRE!
OH, SURE! AN' WHAT'S BATMAN GOIN' TO BE DOIN'... PLAYIN' MUMBLY-PEG? HAW!
WILLIE'S RIGHT! WHAT WE NEED IS A SORT OF DECOY... SOME BIRD BATMAN WILL GO AFTER SO'S HE WON'T GO AFTER US--
AH, GREETINGS, GOONS... AND WHAT NEW CRIME HATCHES UNDER YOUR THATCHES?

UH, HULLO, PENGUIN! WE WERE THINKIN' ABOUT THE BATMAN... HOW SMART HE IS... HOW—
HOW BORING! BATMAN! FAH! AN OVER-RATED ATHLETE IN FANCY DRESS!
OH, YEAH? I ALWAYS NOTICE WHEN YOU START FLYIN' TOO HIGH AN' FANCY, THE BATMAN PUTS YOU IN A CAGE!
ACCIDENTS! MERE ACCIDENTS! HE DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME!
WOIDS, PENGUIN, MERE WOIDS! I BET FIVE HUNDRED THE BATMAN CAN CAGE YOU ANY TIME!
AND HERE'S MY TWO C'S!
AN' HERE'S THREE O' MINE!
ONE GRAND SAYS YOU CAN'T PULL TWO OUTA THREE JOBS AFTER GIVIN' BATMAN ONE OF YER BIRD CLUES! BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE US ALL THE DETAILS SO'S WE CAN CHECK!
I'LL COVER THAT BET!
SIDECAR! I'LL HOLD THE STAKES! THE BET'S ON, PENGUIN!
QUITE! WELL... TALLY HO AND YOICKS! I'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH FOR THE CASH!
GENTS, WE HAVE NOW GOT US OUR DECOY!
THAT NIGHT... THE WAYNE HOME...
BRUCE, WE'RE BEING PAGED! THE BAT-SIGNAL
AN EMERGENCY CALL FROM GORDON!
3

PRESENTLY... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

HELLO, COMMISSIONER. WHY THE S.O.S.?

A MESSENGER BOY JUST HANDED ME THIS!

a Challenge, Batman. How good are you on superstitions? If you're clever, you'll cross my path tonight! THE PENGUIN

THAT'S A PICTURE OF A CRANE, BUT I DON'T GET THAT "SUPERSTITION" PART.

HMM... WE HAVE A BOOK AT HOME ABOUT BIRDS AND BIRD SUPERSTITIONS. LET'S GO THERE AND DO A LITTLE STUDYING.

HOME AGAIN...

IT SAYS HERE: "THE CRANE WAS IMMORTALIZED BY HOMER, THE POET, AS FOREBODING TROUBLE AND DISASTER." THAT'S A LEAD! NOW, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A CLUE TO THE PENGUIN'S JOB IN TONIGHT'S NEWSPAPER!

RARE FIRST EDITION EXHIBITED. Valuable first edition of Washington Irving's "LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW" on public exhibition at FOLIO SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S "LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW"... WAIT! DO YOU REMEMBER WHO THE MAIN CHARACTER IN THAT STORY WAS?

YOU BET I DO! ICHABOD CRANE!

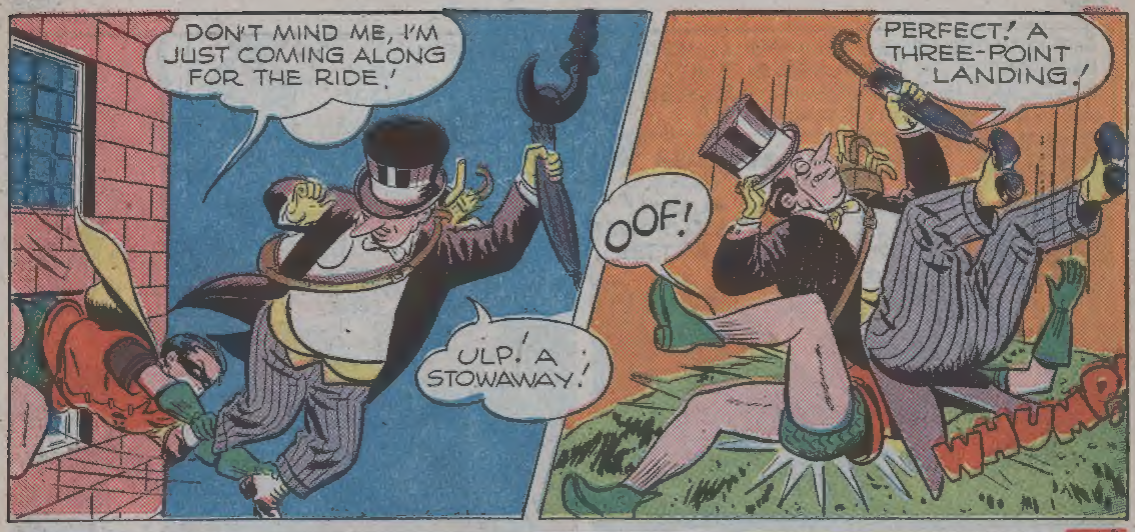
AND SURE ENOUGH, IN THE FOLIO LIBRARY, SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

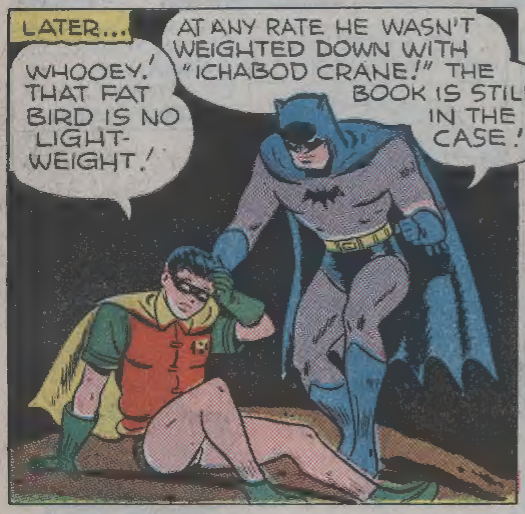
A MOST INTERESTING VOLUME! I MUST EXAMINE IT CLOSELY! DEAR ME... MY NOSE SEEMS TO GET IN THE WAY!

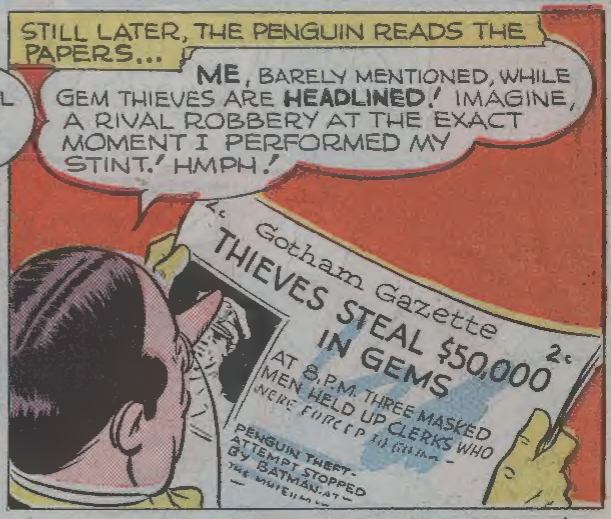
HEH, HEH!

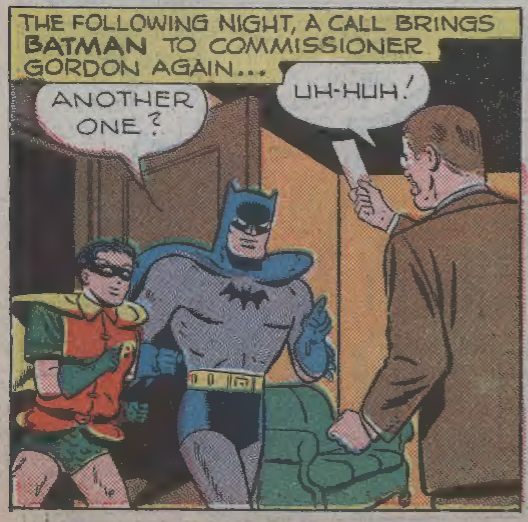
WATCH THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA!

AND NOW THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLA MOVES INNOCENTLY ON THE GLASS, BUT NOT SO INNOCENT IS THE INGENIOUS GLASS-CUTTER SET IN ITS HANDLE!
SMASHED GLASS WOULD SET OFF A BURGLAR ALARM,! THIS METHOD IS EVER SO MUCH BETTER...
GREETINGS, SMALL, DARK AND LOATHSOME!
VERY CLEVER, BATMAN.! NOW FIGURE THIS ONE OUT!
... AND A NETWORK OF SILK AND UMBRELLA-RIBS WINDS ABOUT THE BATMAN AS EFFECTIVELY AS A SPIDER'S WEB!
I'M STILL HERE, PUDGY! HEY! LOOK OUT! YOU'LL KILL YOURSELF!
DON'T BE JUVENILE,!
THIS CRANE HAS NO WINGS, BUT IT HELPS ME FLY! SET ME DOWN GENTLY, CARMICHAEL!
OKAY, MISTER PENGUIN!
5


DON'T MIND ME, I'M JUST COMING ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
ULP! A STOWAWAY!
OOF!
PERFECT! A THREE-POINT LANDING!
WHUMP!


LATER...
WHOOEY! THAT FAT BIRD IS NO LIGHT-WEIGHT!
AT ANY RATE HE WASN'T WEIGHTED DOWN WITH "ICHABOD CRANE!" THE BOOK IS STILL IN THE CASE!


STILL LATER, THE PENGUIN READS THE PAPERS...
ME, BARELY MENTIONED, WHILE GEM THIEVES ARE HEADLINED! IMAGINE, A RIVAL ROBBERY AT THE EXACT MOMENT I PERFORMED MY STINT! HMPH!
Gotham Gazette
THIEVES STEAL $50,000 IN GEMS
AT 8 P.M. THREE MASKED MEN HELD UP CLERKS WHO
PENGUIN THEFT ATTEMPT STOPPED BY BATMAN AT THE MUSEUM


THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, A CALL BRINGS BATMAN TO COMMISSIONER GORDON AGAIN...
ANOTHER ONE?
UH-HUH!

WOODPECKER

ONCE MORE THE BIRD-BOOK IS CONSULTED...

"ANCIENT ROMANS CALLED THE WOODPECKER 'PICUS,' THE THUNDERBIRD; BECAUSE OF THE DRUMMING SOUND HIS BEAK MADE ON TREES."

HMM... LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE PAPER...

AND IN THE NEWS..

PETE PIKE, AMERICA'S ACE DRUMMER, AND HIS BAND ARE TO ENTERTAIN SOCIETY NOTABLES TONIGHT AT 8:30 AT MARSDEN MANSION CHARITY BALL.

PIKE... PICUS... AND HE'S A DRUMMER!

AND SOCIETY FOLK WILL BE RESPLENDENT IN JEWELS! THE PENGUIN WOULDN'T WANT A BETTER SET-UP!

BUT AS **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** HEAD FOR MARSDEN MANSION THAT NIGHT...

CALLING ALL CARS... THREE MEN SUSPICIOUSLY LOITERING NEAR ACME SILVER COMPANY WAREHOUSE... INVESTIGATE...

SAY, THAT'S RIGHT NEARBY! WE COULD BEAT THE POLICE CAR TO IT!

IT MAY BE THOSE THREE JEWEL ROBBERS! I'LL KEEP OUR DATE WITH THE PENGUIN! YOU TAKE THE WHEEL AND SCOOT OVER TO THAT WAREHOUSE!

OKAY!

THE MARSDEN MANSION...

AND NOW PETE PIKE WILL DO HIS FAMOUS SOLO NUMBER... "DRUMMERBOY HOLIDAY!" TAKE IT, PETE!

Pete Pike

THE PENGUIN SEEMS TO BE LATE... PETER PIKE CERTAINLY CAN MAKE PLENTY OF NOISE WITH THAT DRUM. HMM...

BANG RAT-T T-TAP BOOM RAT-

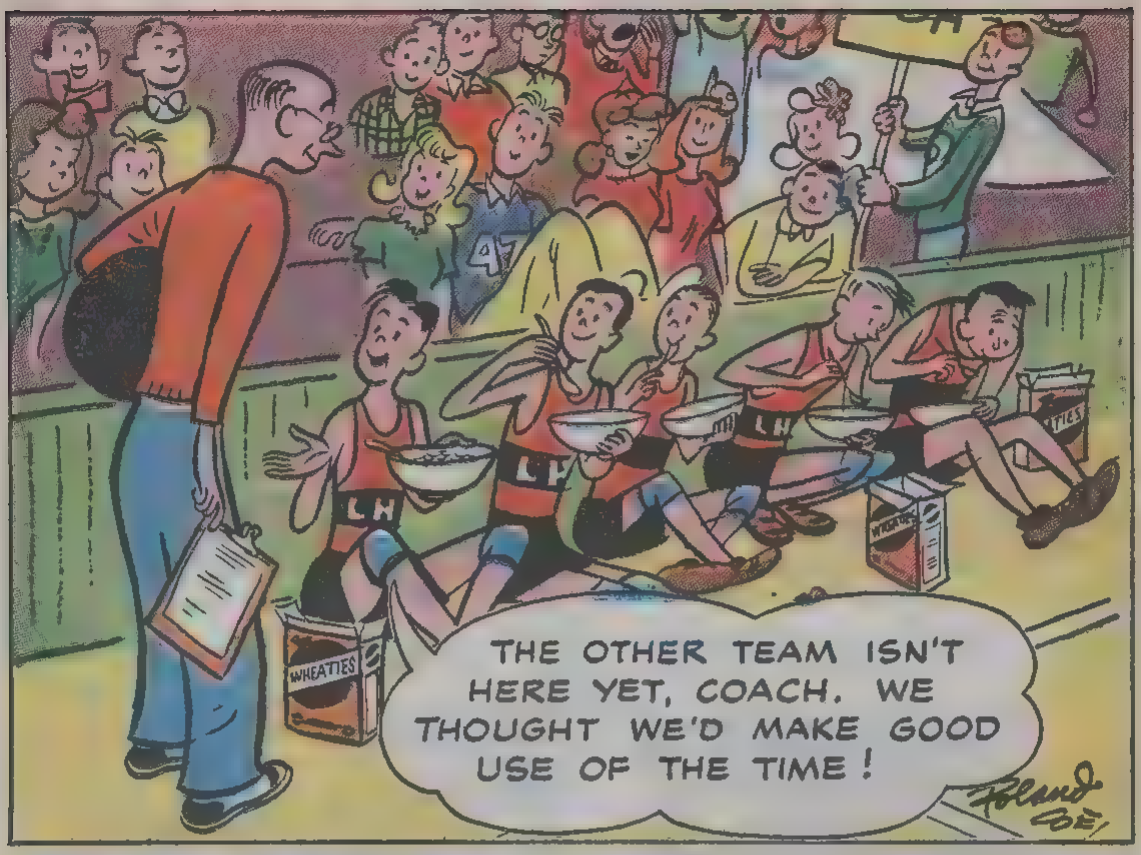
UPSTAIRS... IN THE MARSDEN LIBRARY...
BATMAN SURELY BELIEVES I INTEND TO ROB THE GUESTS BELOW. HA! IT'S THIS SAFE OF VALUABLES I'M AFTER! AS I EXPECTED, THAT LOUD DRUM SOLO BLANKETS THE SOUND OF MY HAMMER AND CHISEL!
THAT VERY THOUGHT SUDDENLY OCCURRED TO ME DOWN-STAIRS!
YOU... OOH!
OH, I DROPPED MY UMBRELLA! DON'T, BATMAN... DON'T POINT IT AT ME! PLEASE...!
YOU SEEM WORRIED. LET'S SEE WHY... ONLY THIS TIME YOU'LL BE ON THE RECEIVING END.
BATMAN AIMS... PRESSES A BUTTON... AND...
AGHH! GAS! (COUGH-COUGH)
HA! HOW DROLL! I HAD THAT PRE-PARED, JUST IN CASE! SLEEP TIGHT, BATMAN!
MEANWHILE, ROBIN HAS ARRIVED JUST AS THE BANDITS ARE LEAVING WITH THEIR LOOT...
BEST THING I CAN DO NOW IS TRAIL THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT.
LATER...
INSIDE, EH? WELL... HERE GOES!
DON'T BE BASHFUL! COME ON IN!
8

I SHOVED THE KID DOWN THE CELLAR!
IMAGINE THAT BRAT TRYIN' TO TACKLE US ALL ALONE!
WHY NOT? THE BATMANS BUSY WITH THE PENGUIN! HAW-HAW!
NOW WHO SHOULD BE COMING ALONG AT THAT MOMENT...?
WAIT TILL I TELL THEM HOW I TRICKED THE BATMAN! ONE MORE TRICK AND I WIN THE BET! I...EH? WHAT..?
WHAT A PANIC! WE USE THE PENGUIN AS A DECOY TO GET BATMAN OFF OUR NECKS, WHILE WE PULL OUR JOBS! HAW-HAW!
NOW LET'S STUDY THE PLANS FOR OUR NEXT JOB.' SEE, MEL, YOU COME IN HERE... AND WILLIE, YOU HIDE HERE...
ME...A DECOY! EVERYTHING IS CLEAR NOW! I'LL TEACH THOSE BOORS! THERE'S A TELEPHONE BOOTH NEARBY...
GOOD BYE! (CLICK)
THAT WAS THE PENGUIN! HE'S GONNA PULL HIS NEXT STUNT RIGHT AWAY!
THAT MEANS WE GOT TO GET GOIN' IF WE'RE GONNA WORK OUR JOB AT THE SAME TIME!
AND WHEN THE ROOM IS EMPTY, IN WADDLES THE JAUNTY PENGUIN!
TUM-TE-DUM! AH! THEIR PLANS! SO... HMM-M!
SINCE THEY'VE NO INTENTION OF HONORING OUR WAGER, WHY SHOULD I SEND BATMAN MY THIRD BIRD CLUE AND PLACE MYSELF IN DANGER? NOW... I'VE WORK TO DO!
EAGLE
LATER...AS BATMAN RECOVERS FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE SLEEPING GAS...
AH! FRESH AIR! I NEEDED THAT! EH! THE BAT-SIGNAL! SOMETHING'S UP!
9

BUT AT HEADQUARTERS...
NO! I DIDN'T SEND THE SIGNAL! IT'S NOT FROM THE SEARCHLIGHT ON OUR ROOF! IT'S FROM THAT BUILDING!
LET'S GET OVER THERE!
A CARD... FROM THE PENGUIN! "RIDDLE: WHAT PEOPLE CALL THE BAT A LUCKY BIRD?"
BAT? DON'T TELL ME HE USED YOUR BAT-SIGNAL AS HIS NEXT JOB?
HE SURE DID! IF ROBIN CALLS, TELL HIM I'VE GONE TO CHINA-TOWN!
CHINATOWN... IN THE STORE OF A FAMOUS IMPORTER...
SO THIS IS FAMED LUCKY BIRD TAPESTRY SENT TO AMERICA FOR SAFEKEEPING?
YES! VERY VALUABLE! INSET WITH MANY PRECIOUS JEWELS! NEWSPAPER REPORTERS MUCH IMPRESSED BY IT!
YEAH... WE WAS, TOO!
MELANCHOLY MIKE AND WILLIE THE WAG! YOU TWO STILL KNOCK AROUND TOGETHER, I SEE!
BONK!
BON-NN-NG!
END OF ROUND ONE!
10

I EXPECTED TO FIND THE PENGUIN HERE, BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR YOU THREE CHARACTERS.'
PENGUIN? OOOH... WE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED.'
MEANTIME... BACK AT THE HIDEOUT...
NEVER THOUGHT I'D WRIGGLE OUT OF THOSE ROPES! HUH? PLACE IS EMPTY.'
A PICTURE OF A BIRD... AN EAGLE.' I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE PENGUIN'S BIRD-CLUE IS DOING HERE, BUT I'M CHECKING ON IT.' WHERE'S A NEWSPAPER?..
AS FOR THE PENGUIN...
NOW, FIRE-CHIEF BRODY, HAND OVER YOUR COLLECTION.' MY UMBRELLA-GUN IS AIMED AT YOUR THIRD COAT BUTTON.'
RIGHT ON THE BUTTON.'
HOW... I DON'T UNDER-STAND...
A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME.' THE NEWSPAPER MENTIONED A MAN'S HOBBY WAS COL-LECTING OLD TEN-DOLLAR GOLD-PIECES... SOMETIMES CALLED GOLDEN EAGLES...
AND WHEN I REMEMBERED THE EAGLE WAS ONCE WOR-SHIPPED AS THE BIRD OF FIRE... AND THE COL-LECTOR WAS A FIRE-CHIEF... WELL...

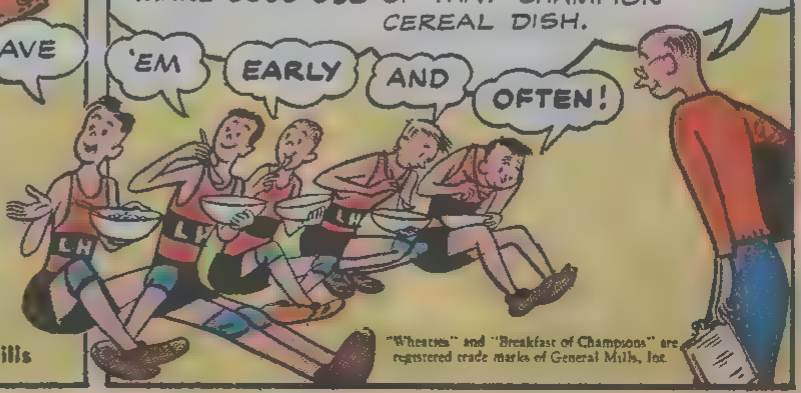
AND SO IT IS WE FIND BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCKING TOGETHER...
YOU ILL-MANNERED LOUT! DECOY, INDEED! IF EVER I GET OUT OF THIS CAGE I'LL...
AW, SHADDUP! WHEN I GET OUTA HERE, I'M GONNA BOP YOU ON YOUR BEAK!... BLA... BLA...
AS FOR TWO OTHER BIRDS...
THE PENGUIN SENT ME AFTER ROOK, AND YOU GOT AFTER PENGUIN! BY DOUBLE-CROSSING EACH OTHER, THEY ONLY CROSSED EACH OTHER OFF THE ACTIVE LIST.'
ONE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND.. HOW YOU FOUND ROOK IN CHINATOWN?
OH, THAT.' THE CHINESE CONSIDER THE BAT THEIR LUCKY BIRD.' IN THEIR ART IT MEANS "GOOD LUCK." I'D READ ABOUT THE LUCKY BIRD TAPESTRY, SO...'
IT WAS LUCKY FOR MR. LEE... BUT UNLUCKY FOR THE PENGUIN.'
AND I DIDN'T DO ROOK ANY GOOD.' LISTEN.' ...LEGEND HAS IT THAT IT IS UNLUCKY TO KILL OR DETAIN A ROBIN, AND THAT CALAMITY BEFALLS THOSE WHO DO SO."
ROOK DETAINED A ROBIN AND GOT PLENTY OF CALAMITY-TEN YEARS' WORTH.'
YOU BET IT DID.' WHICH REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER BET PENGUIN AND ROOK TALKED ABOUT UNDER QUESTIONING.'
AND SO... HAND IT OVER, SIDECAR... THE STAKES THE PENGUIN AND ROOK'S MOB GAVE YOU.'
B-BUT I WAS SUPPOSED TO GIVE IT TO THE WINNER.'
THEY BOTH LOST.' THE CONTRIBUTION FUND FOR THE LOCAL BIRD AVIARY GETS THIS.'
AND THE PENGUIN GETS THE BIRD.' HA.' HA.'
THE END
12



LOTS OF **GOOD TIME** IN A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

THOSE **GOOD-FOR-YOU** WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES ARE CHUCK-FULL OF SATISFYING NOURISHMENT. JAM-PACKED WITH DELICIOUSLY **GOOD EATING**. ONCE THAT MALT-RICH, NUT-SWEET FLAVOR CONNECTS WITH YOUR APPETITE, YOU'RE A CINCH FOR **DOUBLE-TIME** WITH THE WHEATIES.

AND HERE'S A TIP. WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS," IS JUST AS SWELL-TASTING FOR LUNCH...OR SUPPER...OR SNACKS. YES, ANY TIME'S THE TIME FOR WHEATIES. SO **MAKE GOOD USE** OF THAT CHAMPION CEREAL DISH.




"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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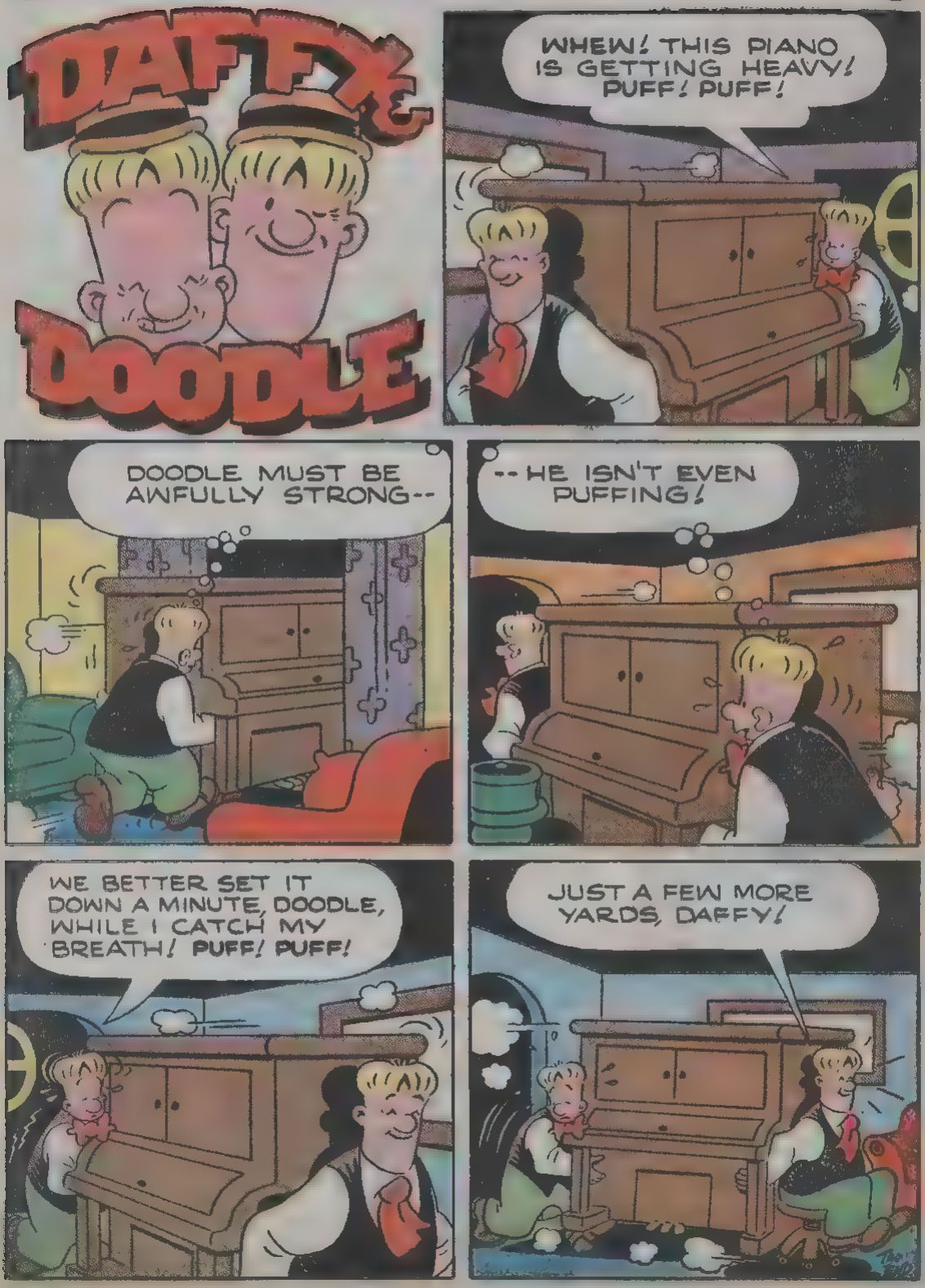
DAFFY & DOODLE
WHEW! THIS PIANO IS GETTING HEAVY! PUFF! PUFF!
DOODLE MUST BE AWFULLY STRONG--
-- HE ISN'T EVEN PUFFING!
WE BETTER SET IT DOWN A MINUTE, DOODLE, WHILE I CATCH MY BREATH! PUFF! PUFF!
JUST A FEW MORE YARDS, DAFFY!

COLORFUL! EXCITING!

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IF you like the funnies, you'll get a big kick out of collecting these wonderful comic buttons! EIGHTEEN of your favorite characters are available—and you'll want every one! It's so easy to get them, too! Every package of Kellogg's PEP contains one as a prize! Open the box and there is your metal button—in full color—right in the package! No money to send! No box-tops to mail. No delay! Ask your Mother to buy a package of delicious PEP wheat flakes, and get your comic button as an extra prize!

Start right now—be the first to get a complete collection. They look like a million dollars when you pin 'em on your cap, jacket or sweater.

**How the other kids will envy you when they see your swell collection of comic buttons!**

LISTEN TO SUPERMAN

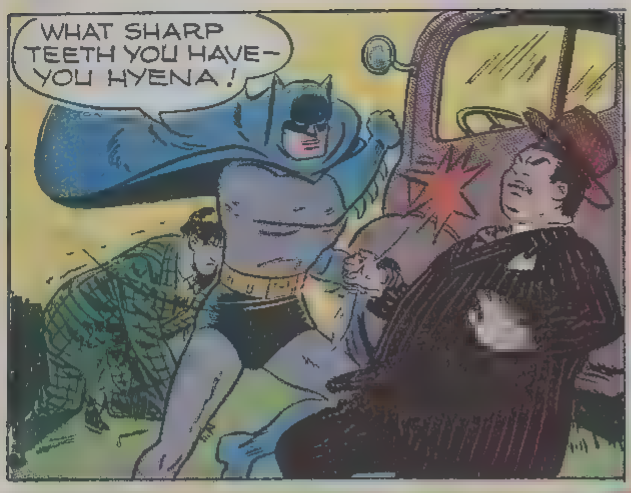
Tune in every day, Monday through Friday, and

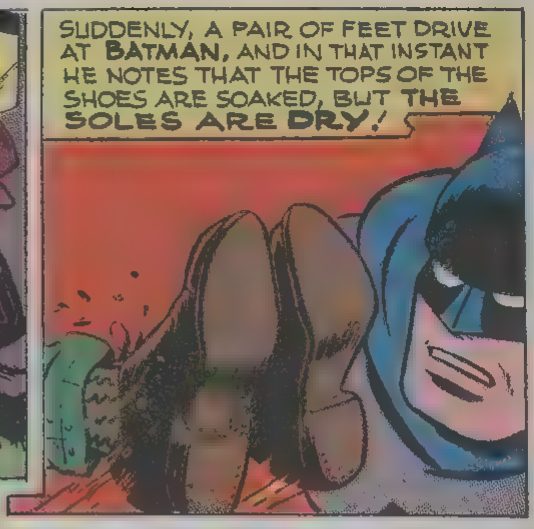
newspaper for time and station

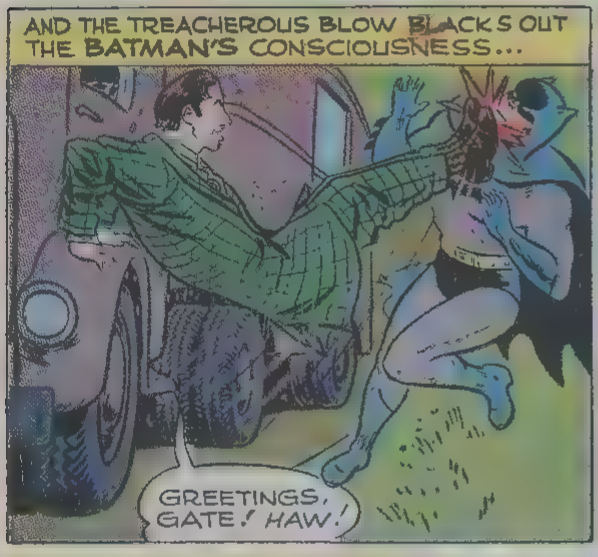
BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
BOB KANE
THE JACKAL LAUGHED—AND A CITY WAS DOOMED! THOUSANDS WOULD PERISH UNLESS THEY COULD BE WARNED IN TIME—AND THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW WERE BATMAN AND ROBIN—AND THEY WERE HELPLESS! SO THE JACKAL LAUGHED—UNAWARE THAT A SMALL MACHINE THAT MADE LITTLE TRACKS OF INK ON PAPER COULD MEAN A PEOPLE'S SALVATION AND THE TERRIFYING END OF HIS JACKAL PACK, THAT BAND OF SCAVENGERS KNOWN AS—
"The LOOTERS!"

EARTHQUAKE! AND A SMALL PACIFIC ISLAND ROCKS WHILE A BOY CRIES OUT—
MOM... DAD!
LATER... AN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL TENT...
WILL HE RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK?
NOT ENTIRELY.' HE WILL ALWAYS HAVE AN ABNORMAL FEAR OF EARTHQUAKES!
AND SOON THE BOY, DORRY LEAF, IS SENT TO RELATIVES IN AMERICA...
DON'T WORRY, DORRY... THERE ARE NO EARTHQUAKES HERE! THIS IS THE MIDDLE WEST!
THERE IS A STRANGE AFTERMATH. WITH MORBID CURIOSITY, THE BOY READS ALL SCIENCE HAS TO SAY ABOUT EARTHQUAKES...
"THE MEIZOSEISMAL AREA IS WHERE THE TREMOR IS GREATEST."
YEARS PASS.' LEAF BECOMES THE WORLD'S AUTHORITY ON QUAKES...
WE'RE OFFERING YOU A POST AT PACIFIC COAST UNIVERSITY AND FUNDS FOR A SEISMOGRAPHIC OBSERVATORY!
HOW IRONICAL! I... IN AN AREA WHERE QUAKES OCCUR.' BUT I HAVE A PUBLIC SERVICE TO PERFORM ... A DUTY...
LEAF ASSENTS, BUT IN COAST CITY THE DUNGEON-LIKE OBSERVATORY IS CONSTRUCTED IN A CERTAIN EARTH STRATA, AND WITH ENGINEERING SKILL, TO MAKE IT IMPREGNABLE TO QUAKES...
I'LL BE SAFE HERE!
2

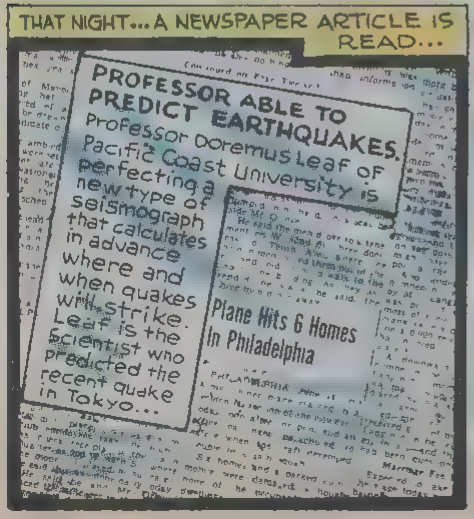
MEANTIME, AMERICA SAW THE RISE OF A NEW, ORGANIZED TYPE OF GANG—THE LOOTERS—A GROUP OF HUMAN SCAVENGERS WHO STRUCK WHEREVER THERE WAS CATASTROPHE! HURRICANES!
THE HURRICANE HIT THE RICH RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT.' THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF LOOT.'
RIGHT, JACKAL!
AND OFTEN THE LOOTERS WERE NOT AVERSE TO CREATING SOME NEW DISASTER—SUCH AS THIS TRAIN WRECK!
FLOODS.'
BANK
THIS MISSISSIPPI FLOOD WAS MADE TO ORDER FOR US.'
AS SOON AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, WE'LL SNATCH THE REGISTERED MAIL.'
BOOM!
BUT ALWAYS DOGGING THEIR TWISTING TRAIL ARE TWO PATIENT MANHUNTERS—
MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT.' THAT MAN WE SPOTTED WAS THE JACKAL.' GET SET FOR A POWER-DIVE, ROBIN.'
ROGER.'
SET 'EM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY.'
ROBIN—AND BATMAN.'
SETTING THE BATPLANE'S AUTOMATIC STABILIZER, BATMAN DROPS AMIDST THE HUMAN LOCUSTS.'
OOOF!
SORRY—BUT I'LL HAVE TO DUNK YOU!
3

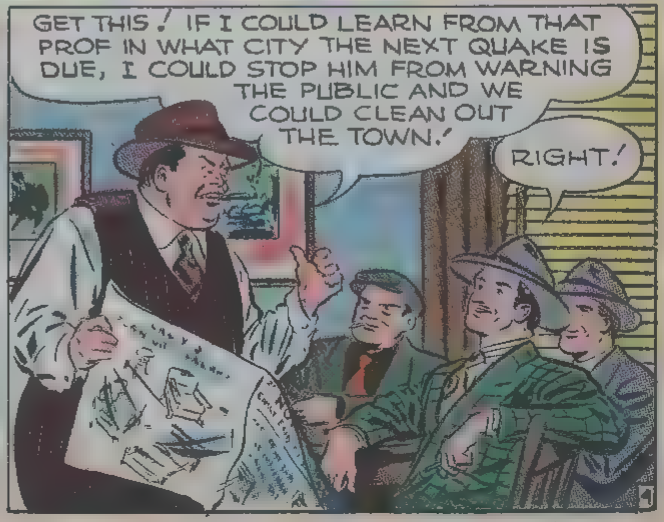

WHAT SHARP TEETH YOU HAVE— YOU HYENA!


SUDDENLY, A PAIR OF FEET DRIVE AT BATMAN, AND IN THAT INSTANT HE NOTES THAT THE TOPS OF THE SHOES ARE SOAKED, BUT THE SOLES ARE DRY!


AND THE TREACHEROUS BLOW BLACKS OUT THE BATMAN'S CONSCIOUSNESS...
GREETINGS, GATE! HAW!

WHY, YOU— OOH!
C'MON! LET'S GRAB THE MAIL AND LAM!


THAT NIGHT... A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE IS READ...
PROFESSOR ABLE TO PREDICT EARTHQUAKES.
Professor Doremus Leaf of Pacific Coast University is perfecting a new type of seismograph that calculates in advance where and when quakes will strike. Leaf is the scientist who predicted the recent quake in Tokyo...
Plane Hits 6 Homes In Philadelphia


GET THIS! IF I COULD LEARN FROM THAT PROF IN WHAT CITY THE NEXT QUAKE IS DUE, I COULD STOP HIM FROM WARNING THE PUBLIC AND WE COULD CLEAN OUT THE TOWN.'
RIGHT!

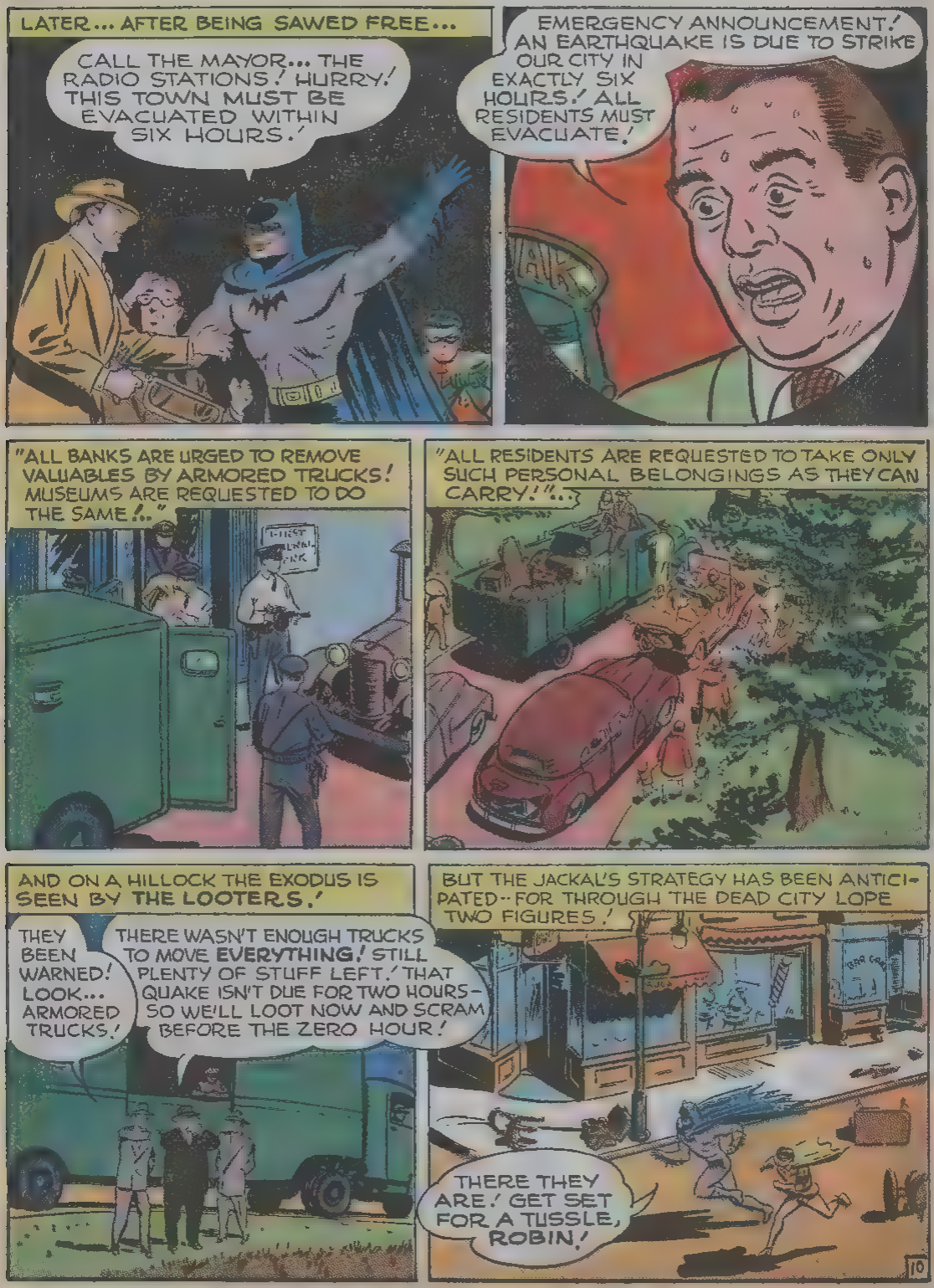
THE BATMAN'S PUT THE HEAT ON US — SO NO JOBS TILL I GIVE THE WORD! MEANTIME, I'M LEAVING TO ENROLL IN THE EARTHQUAKE PROF'S SEISMOLOGY CLASS! I'LL WRITE YOU GUYS!
A WEEK PASSES...
THE JACKAL SURE IS LUCKY, ELUDING THE POLICE! MUST WEAR HORSE-SHOES!
"SHOES"... REMINDS ME— HOW COME THAT ZOOT-SUITER'S SHOES WERE WET AND THE SOLES DRY?
WAX! WAXED FROM CONSTANT PRESSURE ON A DANCE FLOOR! HMM-M! ZOOT SUIT... JIVE TALK... DANCE! THERE'S ONE PLACE HEP-CATS FREQUENT— "SWINGLAND" ON THE MAIN STEM!
SO, NOW COMES AN APPROPRIATE.. ER... DISGUISE?
HIT ME WITH A HOT NOTE AND WATCH ME BOUNCE! HOW DO I LOOK, BOYS?
YOU'RE— ER... DENSE, JOHNSON!
ALFRED, YOU MEAN... SOLID, JACKSON!
LATER... AT SWINGLAND, FAMOUS JIVE JOINT...
C'MON, GATE... DON'T GAWK THERE LIKE AN ICKY! LET'S JUMP A FRAME! HEP! HEP!
MORT WINSLOW
BUT—!
LISTEN TO THAT GOB-STICK SWING IT! I'M ROCKED, GATE— I'M ROCKED!
I'M BE-WILDERED!
5

OH-OH! THE ZOOT-SUITED-LOOTER!
SEND ME, SAM—SEND ME!
AND BRUCE DELIBERATELY SENDS HIM—FLYING!
HEY-OOF!
OOPS!
AND BETWEEN THE WALLET FOLDS, BRUCE NOTICES A LETTER...
SEISMOLOGICAL BUILDING PACIFIC COAST UNIVERSITY
A LITTLE LIGHT-FINGER WORK MIGHT GIVE ME SOME CLUE! WORTH TRYING, ANYWAY!
FUMBLE-FEET!
YOU DROPPED YOUR WALLET!
NOW I'LL WAIT TILL THE DANCE IS OVER AND TAIL HIM TO HIS HIDEOUT.
BUT SUDDENLY THE BAND ATTACKS ANOTHER MELODY AND GYRATING COUPLES INVADE THE FLOOR...
(HE'S LEAVING NOW. PLEASE...LET ME THROUGH... (STYMIED BY SWING! I'M ROCKED-RIGHT BACK ON MY HEELS!)
LATER...
YOU REALLY THINK THAT ARTICLE ON THE EARTHQUAKE PROFESSOR CONNECTS WITH THAT ZOOTER'S ENVELOPE?
I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST THE LOOTERS TO TIE IN AN EARTHQUAKE ON THEIR NEXT JOB! ROBIN, WE'RE HEADING WEST TO HAVE A TALK WITH LEAF!
MEANTIME... JUST A FEW HOURS BEFORE, AT PROFESSOR LEAF'S CLASS OUT WEST...
THESE SUPERSENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS RECORD EVERY EARTH TREMOR—FROM THE CLATTER OF PASSING TRAFFIC TO AN EARTHQUAKE ACROSS THE OCEAN!

HERE IS A TYPICAL SEISMOGRAPH RECORD. NOTE THE JAGGED LINES INDICATING AN EARTHQUAKE!
WHEN THE CLASS IS DISMISSED, THE JACKAL REMAINS BEHIND...
PROFESSOR... ARE YOU SURE YOUR PREDICTION OF TOKYO'S EARTHQUAKE WASN'T JUST A COINCIDENCE? COULD YOU PREDICT ANOTHER QUAKE?
I'M AFRAID... I CAN! ANOTHER MAY STRIKE — IN THIS CITY!
HERE! WHAT A BREAK! NOW TO SLUG THE PROF... THEN I'LL PHONE THE BOYS TO FLY OUT HERE FAST!
OH! THIS LATEST READING... DEAR ME... IT CONFIRMS MY SUSPICIONS! THAT QUAKE WILL STRIKE IN 14 HOURS!
I MUST WARN THE AUTHORITIES TO EMPTY THE CITY BEFORE... UH!
JUST DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, PALLY!
SO, BECAUSE OF THE JACKAL'S PHONE CALL AND THE ZOOTER'S ENVELOPE.....
IT WON'T BE LONG, NOW!
LOOK... COMPANY!
DE BATPLANE! MAYBE HEADIN' FOR OUR TERRITORY! WE BETTER TIP OFF DE JACKAL!
SOMETIME LATER...
THERE'S THE SEISMIC OBSERVATORY! I HOPE LEAF HAS SOME INFORMATION FOR US!

WHICH ALSO EXPLAINS HOW BATMAN AND ROBIN WALK INTO AN AMBUSH.'
SLUG 'EM.'
DAZED, OUT ON THEIR FEET, THE DUO INSTINCTIVELY FIGHTS BACK...
ROBIN... YOU... ALL RIGHT?
I... THINK... SO...
THE CLIPPED THUG CAREENS OFF THE WORLD-RELIEF GLOBE, SPINNING IT—AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS KNOCK OUT ROBIN.'
UH...
GOT 'IM.'
LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN DE PROF'S MACHINE SHOP.' WE'LL WELD 'EM TO DE IRON BASES.'
SWELL, WE'LL LET THE EARTHQUAKE FINISH THEM OFF FOR US.'
JACKAL, I'M GETTIN' NOIVUS.' I DON'T WANNA BE AROUN' WHEN DAT O!T'QUAKE HITS HERE.'
RELAX! LOOTING A BURG THIS BIG IS GOING TO TAKE PLENTY O' MEN.' WE'LL LEAVE FOR ANOTHER CITY AND PICK UP SOME MOBBIES THERE.'
8

LATER... IN A NEARBY CITY...
OKAY, WE WAIT HERE TILL THE QUAKE'S OVER, THEN PICK THE TOWN CLEAN.' BUT WHAT ABOUT COPPERS?
THAT QUAKE WILL INJURE A LOT OF PEOPLE.' THERE'LL BE TOO MANY EMERGENCY CALLS FOR THEM TO BOTHER ABOUT US.'
MEANTIME... THE NOW AWAKENED DUO LISTENS WITH GROWING HORROR...
...SO UNLESS WE GET WORD OUT INNOCENT THOUSANDS WILL DIE!
THOSE DIRTY RATS! WILLING TO SACRIFICE ALL THOSE PEOPLE JUST SO THEY CAN FILL THEIR POCKETS.'
PROFESSOR, DOESN'T THIS UNIVERSITY SEISMOGRAPH ELECTRICALLY CONTROL A SIMILAR SEISMOGRAPH IN THE CITY OBSERVATORY?
YES, WE CONNECTED THEM FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES.'
GOOD! NOW IF I CAN JUST REACH THE GRAPH-NEEDLE I CAN WRITE A FEW WORDS ON THIS CHART AND...
AND IN THE CITY OBSERVATORY...
AM I GOING CRAZY, OR IS IT THE SEISMOGRAPH?
help held prisoner hurry


LATER... AFTER BEING SAWED FREE...
CALL THE MAYOR... THE RADIO STATIONS! HURRY! THIS TOWN MUST BE EVACUATED WITHIN SIX HOURS!
EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT! AN EARTHQUAKE IS DUE TO STRIKE OUR CITY IN EXACTLY SIX HOURS! ALL RESIDENTS MUST EVACUATE!
"ALL BANKS ARE URGED TO REMOVE VALUABLES BY ARMORED TRUCKS! MUSEUMS ARE REQUESTED TO DO THE SAME!.."
"ALL RESIDENTS ARE REQUESTED TO TAKE ONLY SUCH PERSONAL BELONGINGS AS THEY CAN CARRY!"...
AND ON A HILLOCK THE EXODUS IS SEEN BY THE LOOTERS.'
THEY BEEN WARNED! LOOK... ARMORED TRUCKS!
THERE WASN'T ENOUGH TRUCKS TO MOVE EVERYTHING! STILL PLENTY OF STUFF LEFT.' THAT QUAKE ISN'T DUE FOR TWO HOURS- SO WE'LL LOOT NOW AND SCRAM BEFORE THE ZERO HOUR!
BUT THE JACKAL'S STRATEGY HAS BEEN ANTICIPATED-- FOR THROUGH THE DEAD CITY LOPE TWO FIGURES.'
THERE THEY ARE! GET SET FOR A TUSSLE, ROBIN!
10

AND AT THAT INSTANT...
GOOD HEAVENS! THE READING IS CHANGING! A SUDDEN DISPLACEMENT IN EPICENTRE AREA! THE QUAKE WILL STRIKE AT ANY MOMENT! BATMAN AND ROBIN WILL BE KILLED!
I MUST LEAVE TO WARN THEM! HEAVEN HELP ME... I'M AFRAID TO LEAVE ... I'M AFRAID!
SIMULTANEOUSLY—
UP AND AT 'EM, ROBIN!
WITH PLEASURE, BATMAN!
THE CHOPPERS... PLUG THEM WITH THE CHOPPERS!
THEN IT HAPPENS! THE GROUND SHUDDERS CONVULSIVELY!
HEY!
WHAT.?
LOOK OUT! THAT SMOKE STACK!
EARTHQUAKE!
CRASH!
JUMP.. JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!
THE REALIZATION THAT MAN IS HELPLESS IN THE TERRIBLE GRIP OF NATURAL FORCES IS A HAMMER STRIKING PANIC INTO THE MINDS OF THE LOOTERS.'
DELICATESSEN
FIRE DEPT
WENTWOOTH ARMS
GOT TO GET OFF THE STREET...GO UP HIGH... THAT APARTMENT ELEVATOR... GET TO ROOF...
HEY... COME BACK!
ROBIN, HELP ME WITH THAT WATER-TOWER FIRE TRUCK! I WANT THE JACKAL...ALIVE.'

JACKAL, I WANT YOU ALIVE! YOU'RE GOING TO STAND TRIAL FOR ALL YOUR HEINOUS CRIMES!
ABRUPTLY, THE ENTIRE BUILDING TIPS CRAZILY! BRICKS CASCADE DOWN TO THE CRACKING PAVEMENT!
BATMAN... JUMP...
CRASH!
BUT AS BATMAN GAINS THE STREET, THE LOOTERS MASS IN FEAR-MADDENED PANIC!
KILL THE BATMAN!
THE JACKAL GOT US INTO THIS! GET 'IM!
SUDDENLY THE EARTH CREAKS AND SPLITS! A YAWNING FISSURE CRACKS OPEN UNDER-FOOT!
YA-AA!
HELP!
CRE-EAK!
AA-AAGH!
12

NOW.! HA! HA!
OHH... I TWISTED MY ANKLE... CAN'T MOVE... CAN'T HELP... BATMAN... BATMAN!
THEN, SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE, A ROCK HURTLES AT THE JACKAL, AND—
AA-AGHHH.!
A HELPING HAND YANKS BATMAN UP AS, WITH A SHUDDER, THE FISSURE SUDDENLY GRINDS SHUT.!
PROFESSOR LEAF!
NO TIME FOR TALKING.! HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THE OBSERVATORY.! HURRY!
STATE
BAR-GR
HEARTS AFL
BRODIES
RUN.! RUN.!
AND AT LAST-SANCTUARY.!
YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, PROFESSOR! IT TOOK COURAGE TO GO OUT AND FIND US.!
NO... IT TOOK COURAGE TO FIND... MYSELF!
LATER...
LOOK.! THE PEOPLE ARE COMING BACK.!
THE CITY... RUINS.!
YES... COMING BACK TO REBUILD! THE EARTHQUAKE IS OVER!
13
THE End

# DOUBLE TROUBLE

## by Blair Bolton

"THIS is one of the greatest ideas I ever had," Skip Barton said enthusiastically. "I tell you, Louie, it's the one shot in the arm the place needs."

Louie Potter looked at his press agent. There was suspicion in his eyes already. Skip was right about one thing. The Flamingo Club needed a shot in the arm. But everytime Skip came up with a brainstorm, something happened.

"You remember when you booked the dancing horses in here," Louie said warningly. "Remember what they did. Went wild when some drunk threw a bagful of oats around. It cost me plenty." He shook his head. "Besides, you know what Dan O'Connor said. One more bit of trouble with us, and he'll see the License Commissioner."

"That flatfoot, O'Connor," Skip said loftily. "He hasn't got enough brains to get himself pinched."

"But being a detective, he could pinch you."

"Not with my lawyer." Skip's eyes shone with excitement. "Louie, we don't even have to advertise. Word of mouth will do it. Just let it be known that Scarface Terrani comes into the Flamingo often and you'll have every tourist in town here. After all, that guy's a celebrity!"

"He's a gangster," Louie said doggedly. "And he might not like your impersonating him."

Skip grinned. "I took care of that, too. He happens to be in Florida, and he'll stay there for a couple more months."

Louie sighed, resigned to Skip's tricks. "Okay, but it may be your funeral."

Skip shuddered. "Don't put it that way, Louie." Then he grinned. "Wait'll you see the business we do."

For once he was right. A week after he had been impersonating Scarface Terrani, reservations started to pour into the club. Louie watched admiringly every night as Skip went into his act. Yet, despite the tremendous business being done, he couldn't help feeling that somehow there was going to be trouble.

He didn't mention it to Skip anymore. That young man was way up in the clouds. He was coming into the club now, flanked by two out-of-work actors, who posed as bodyguards.

A murmur of excitement went through the crowd as they saw the entrance Skip made. He had cleverly painted a scar in his face, and padded out his clothes. It was almost impossible to tell Terrani and Skip apart, so well done was the disguise.

Louie shook his head. "He pulled a good one this time, but I'm still worried," he murmured. Then he jumped as a familiar voice said:

"Since when has Terrani started coming in here. I thought he hated night clubs."

It was Detective Sergeant Dan O'Connor. He stood behind Louie, leaning against the wall, compact and trim in a neat blue suit. His blue eyes regarded Louie suspiciously.

Louie mopped his brow. He made a sudden decision. There was no use trying to kid O'Connor. He'd find out sooner or later.

"Come on into the office with me, Dan," he said. "I'd like to talk to you."

O'Connor heard him out. There was just a trace of a smile on his face as he learned of Skip's act. Then his eyes became serious. "Louie, the best thing that screwball Skip can do is go back to reporting. He was a good reporter. I never figured why he took up press-agenting."

"He had a fight with Mel James, the managing editor."

"I know. I also know James is willing to forgive and forget." O'Connor smiled. "He broke Skip into the business. I think the old man misses the kid."

Louie shrugged. "You know how stubborn Skip is, but I'll talk to him."

O'Connor got up. "You'd

better." He looked out the door Skip was still sitting at the table, enjoying himself to the utmost. "I guess if Terrani doesn't object, it's okay, Louie. But I've got to tell you this. We got a tip Terrani isn't in Florida. He never went there. He's hot." Softly, he added, "As a matter of fact, we think he's afraid to come out of hiding right here in this city for fear of being bumped off!"

Louie sank back into the chair. "You don't think there will be any trouble, Dan." He wiped his perspiring forehead again. "I—I—wouldn't want anything to happen to the kid. I'd better see him now."

It didn't help. Louie noted however that Skip crowed when told about James. "So he wants me back, does he?" he said. "Can't get out as good a paper." He clapped Louie on the shoulder. "Well, it's tough on James, but I'm staying with you, Louie, old pal." He smiled. "What a business we're doing, eh, Louie." Then, loftily. "James probably thought I'd never be able to do anything other than newspaper work. This will show him."

Two more weeks passed, and business continued to boom at the Flamingo. Louie told himself, "I've got to hand it to Skip, he sure put the Flamingo across." He looked at his watch. It was almost time for Skip's nightly act. He walked out to the club.

Skip was just coming in. Again, the crowd murmured approval. The tourists nudged each other, pointed him out. "That's the famous gangster. You know, the one who retired." Those and similar comments floated around the tastefully decorated night club.

At the door, the captain of waiters was just putting up the plush rope, signifying that there'd be a wait for tables. Louie, glancing over, saw Dan O'Connor slipping past.

The detective caught Louie's eye, motioned him to head for the office. Puzzled, Louie made haste to obey.

"What's the matter, Dan?"

O'Connor's eyes were hard. "Plenty, Louie," he said, "Terrani was bumped off two hours ago."

Louie felt his whole body going limp. "Who did it, Dan?"

"We don't know. We suspect they brought in a couple of hired killers." O'Connor shrugged. "But where they are now, or what they look like . . ." He moved his hands expressively. "Well, that's all, Louie. You'd better make Skip stop this act. The news'll hit the street in the morning. I just thought you'd like to know."

"Thanks, Dan," Louie said. "I appreciate it. Wait, I'll walk out with you."

They went outside, just in time to see Skip getting up from the table, followed by the two phony bodyguards O'Connor watched him speculatively. There was no question about it. The kid was putting on quite a show.

The procession moved past the crowded tables, the cynosure of all eyes. Dan O'Connor threaded his way toward the door.

Then he stopped. Two strangers had just come in. He could tell they were strangers the way one of them grabbed the other's arm. "It's Terrani! We missed him!"

"We won't now." Like a flash the other man had a gun out.

But he wasn't as quick as O'Connor, whose gun spoke twice. Both men fell down, their shoulders shattered.

Pandemonium broke loose in the club. "Tell the band to keep playing," O'Connor yelled to the startled Louie.

Louie managed to quiet the crowd. O'Connor had handcuffs on his prisoners. Skip came out from the table, rushed over. "What . . . what happened, O'Connor," he gasped. "These guys were going to kill me."

"They would have," O'Connor said. "They killed the real Terrani a couple of hours ago." He yanked the men to their feet. "Get moving," he said. "The Doc at headquarters will fix you two birds up." He turned to Skip. "I'll want you for a witness. Hey, where you going?"

"I've got to phone James," Skip yelled over his shoulder "I'm going back to the newspaper business."

CHIEF HOT FOOT
FOR SALE
THERE IS TOURIST. ME SELL HIM HEAP LOT OF SOUVENIRS !
FOR SALE
CHIEF HOT FOOT TALK-UM FAST--SHOULD SELL-UM LOTS OF STUFF !
WELL, CHIEF - DID YOU MAKE-UM BIG SALE TO PALE FACE ?
UGH ! HE SELLS HATS -AND HE BETTER SALESMAN !!
THE END

*Advertisement*

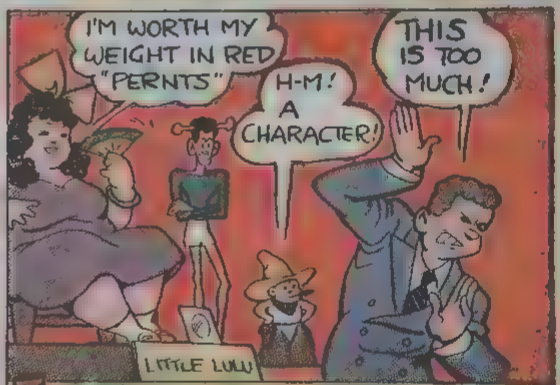
Pop chews...Bud chews...they all choose FLEERS!
FLEER'S HAS THAT EXTRA PEPPERMINT FLAVOR!
THAT REMINDS ME—I MUST BUY A VICTORY BOND, BY GUM!
MIGHTY CHEWSY BUNCH, I'LL SAY !!!
12 PIECES FOR A NICKEL, WHEE-E-EE !!!
YOU MEAN BUY FLEER'S GUM.. IT'S THE NICEST FORM OF GUM !!!
FLEER'S GUM IS PEPPERMINT COATED AND SO SNOWY WHITE !!
FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT
TWELVE PIECES FOR A NICKEL

# KAFLOPPOS

URLY COULDN'T STAND ODDITIES -- AT THE ZOO, HIS WACKY RATING ON THE "BECAUSE" METER READ A THOUSAND PLUS -

WHEN HE SAW THE LEANING TOWER, IT THREW HIM FOR A ROW OF JITTERY REFLEXES TOO NUMEROUS TO UNTANGLE -

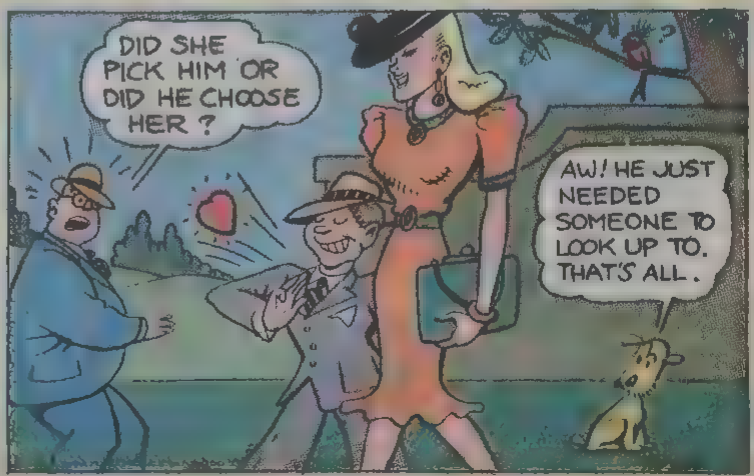
HE WAS UNHAPPY UNLESS EVERYTHING MATCHED, EVEN STEVEN.



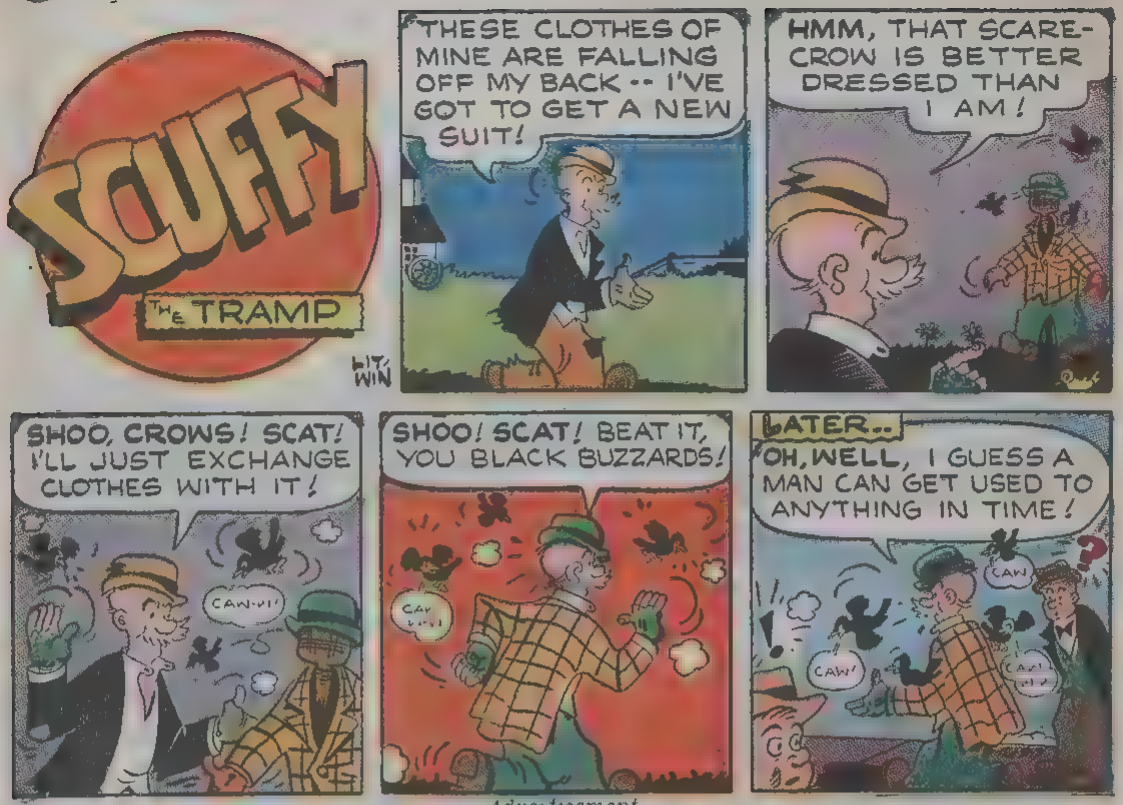

THE FREAK SHOW HELPED TO BREAK HIS WAGON DOWN AND IT TOOK HIM MONTHS TO RECOVER.

## BUT GOSH!

THAT WAS BEFORE HE MET "HYACINTH" NOW HE'S A REAL KAFLOPPO!



VOLTO
FROM MARS
HIS SUPER-MAGNETIC POWERS AVERT DISASTER WHEN THE ATOM-EXPRESS RUNS WILD!
GOLLY, JOE! WHAT'S THIS?
OUR EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET PLANE... WANT TO SEE IT CLOSE-UP?
SOMETHING'S WRONG. SHE'S STARTING TO SMOKE!
BEAT IT! SHE'LL BLOW US SKY-HIGH!
SUDDENLY, THE FLAMING ROCKET SHIP ROARS TOWARD THEM...
LOOK OUT! HERE IT COMES!
IF ONLY VOLTO WERE HERE!
I AM HERE, CHUM! WATCH! MY LEFT HAND REPELS!
VOLTO
LOOK! LILY'S FAINTED... SHE'LL FALL IN THE FIRE!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER! SEE--MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!
VOLTO
HOW CAN WE EVER SAY THANKS!
FORGET IT. JUST GIVE ME SOME WHOLE-GRAIN, VITAMIN-TOTIN' CEREAL SO I CAN RECHARGE MY MAGNETISM.
COMING UP, VOLTO! WE GOT GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES RIGHT HERE IN OUR LAB KITCHEN...THEY PACK A LOT OF ENERGY!
THEY SURE DO! WISH I COULD GET THIS SWELL-TASTING CEREAL UP IN MARS.
THESE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES REALLY ARE THE NUTS!
TUNE IN HOP HARRIGAN ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.


SCUFFY
THE TRAMP
BITZ WIN
THESE CLOTHES OF MINE ARE FALLING OFF MY BACK -- I'VE GOT TO GET A NEW SUIT!
HMM, THAT SCARE-CROW IS BETTER DRESSED THAN I AM!
SHOO, CROWS! SCAT! I'LL JUST EXCHANGE CLOTHES WITH IT!
CAW-W!
SHOO! SCAT! BEAT IT, YOU BLACK BUZZARDS!
CAW-W-W!
LATER..
OH, WELL, I GUESS A MAN CAN GET USED TO ANYTHING IN TIME!
CAW!
CAW!
CAW!

*Advertisement*

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

**NO ONE KNOWS** THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK! HE WAS A PRISONER IN FRANCE FOR 22 YEARS, TREATED LIKE ROYALTY BY HIS JAILERS... BUT NO ONE EVER SAW HIS FACE!

MAYBE HE'S THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER WHO TRIED TO CLAIM THE THRONE!

**EVERYONE KNOWS** THAT FOR RELIEVING COUGHS DUE TO COLDS THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SOOTHING, DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS. THEY TASTE JUST LIKE CANDY!

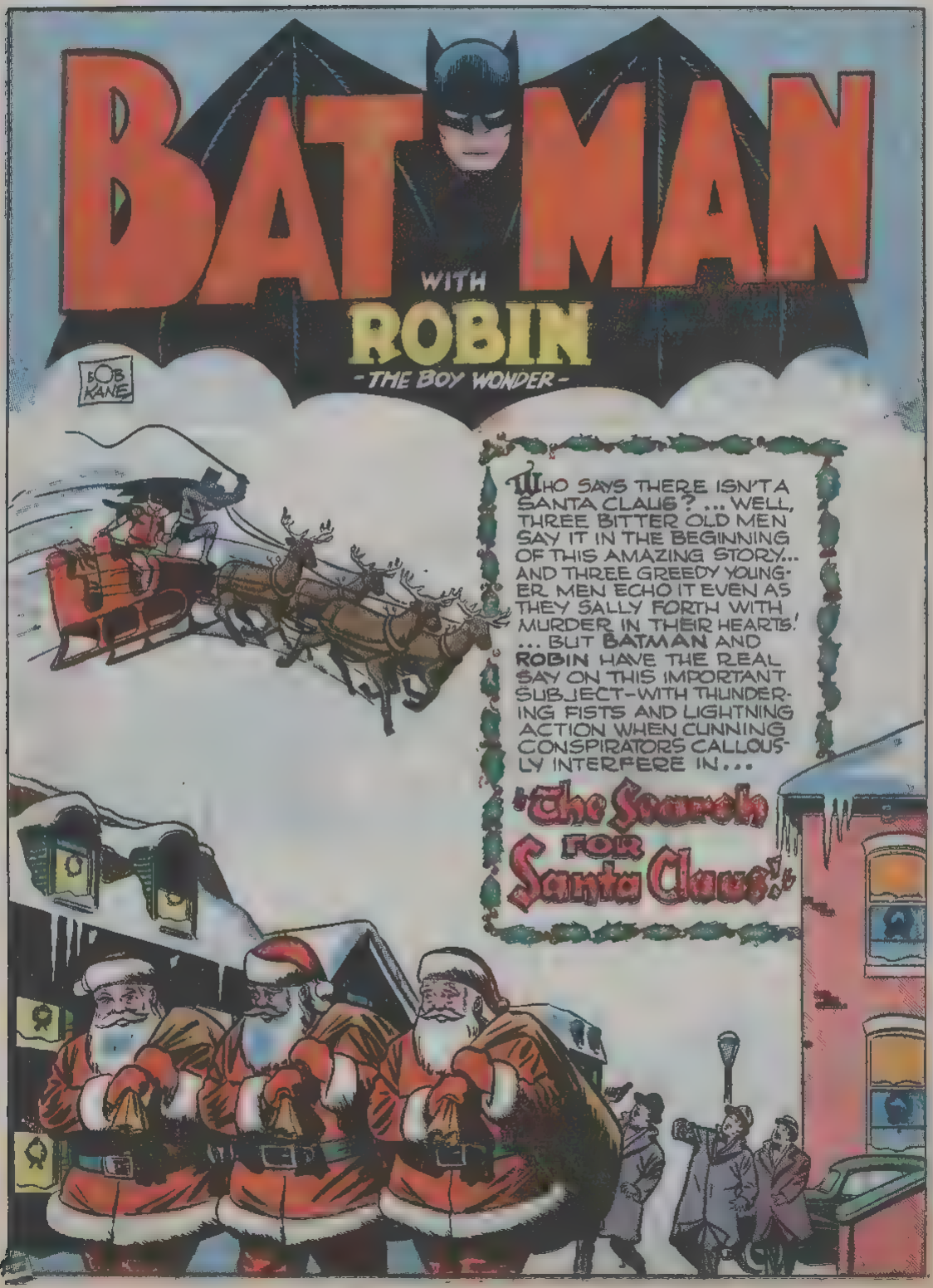
AND MOTHER SAYS TO BE SURE AND ASK FOR SMITH BROTHERS, NOT JUST COUGH DROPS.

TRADE

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL - 5¢

MARK


BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
BOB KANE
WHO SAYS THERE ISN'T A SANTA CLAUS? ... WELL, THREE BITTER OLD MEN SAY IT IN THE BEGINNING OF THIS AMAZING STORY... AND THREE GREEDY YOUNGER MEN ECHO IT EVEN AS THEY SALLY FORTH WITH MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS! ... BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE THE REAL SAY ON THIS IMPORTANT SUBJECT-WITH THUNDERING FISTS AND LIGHTNING ACTION WHEN CUNNING CONSPIRATORS CALLOUSLY INTERFERE IN...
"The Search FOR Santa Claus!"

IT IS CHRISTMAS EVE—AND BATMAN AND ROBIN EMBARK ON A MANHUNT—WITH A DIFFERENCE!
YOU'RE SURE GOING TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO MAKE THOSE THREE CHRISTMAS PARTIES A SUCCESS, BATMAN!
TROUBLE! WHY, ROBIN, I'LL HAVE MORE FUN THAN THE KIDS THEMSELVES!
FARTHER ALONG THE STREET, MRS. MILLIGAN TRIES TO CHEER UP THREE WOEBEGONE BOARDERS...
ARE YE GOIN' OUT FOR LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS SHOPPIN', ME THREE YOUNG SCALA-WAGS?
AS IF WE HAD ANYONE TO SHOP FOR!
OR ANYONE TO SHOP FOR US.'
SURE, AN' IT'S SORRY FOR THE POOR OLD SOULS I AM! BUT WHO KNOWS—MAYHAP A MIRACLE WILL CHANGE THINGS!
ALL THE USUAL CHRISTMAS DISPLAYS—BUT THEY CAN'T MAKE ME FEEL MERRY!
IT'S MY FIRST CHRISTMAS OUT OF PRISON IN 25 YEARS! AND MY WIFE DIED BEFORE THEY LEARNED I WAS INNOCENT OF MURDER! I WISH I'D DIED, TOO!
STATIONERY & GIFT SHOP
WINSLOW
GAS
CLUE
I, TOO, WAS LOCKED UP—IN AN INSANE ASYLUM! MY GREEDY NEPHEWS HAD ME PUT AWAY TO GET MY FORTUNE! I ESCAPED ONLY RECENTLY!
BUT YOU'RE NOT CRAZY, JIM! YOU CAN PROVE IT!
I INTEND TO PROVE IT! BUT UNTIL MY PLANS ARE MADE, I'LL STAY IN HIDING—FOR FEAR THEY'LL CATCH ME AND SEND ME BACK! MERRY CHRISTMAS—BAH!
2

AS FOR ME, I WAS AN ACTOR- A MATINEE IDOL- TILL THE YEARS TOOK MY GLAMOR! NOW NO PRODUCER BELIEVES I CAN STILL ACT.'
I GUESS NONE OF US BELIEVES IN SANTA CLAUS!
BUT AT THIS POINT FATE ARRANGES A CHANCE MEETING.....
MERRY CHRISTMAS, FRIENDS! I'LL BET YOU'RE JUST THE MEN I'M LOOKING FOR!
WHAT-? BATMAN! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE PLAYING SANTA CLAUS!
NO, BUT I'M LOOKING FOR THREE MEN TO PLAY HIM- AT THREE PARTIES.' HOW ABOUT IT?
ME PLAY SANTA CLAUS! ARE YOU KIDDING?
THAT'S ONE ROLE I COULDN'T PUT MY HEART IN!
OH, COME- THINK OF THE KIDS- THAT BUNCH OF SHUT-INS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, FOR INSTANCE?
CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, DID YOU SAY? WHY, I HELPED SUPPORT IT ONCE.'
I- I GUESS I'LL SAY YES, BATMAN.' I'LL PLAY SANTA FOR THE YOUNGSTERS THERE.'
FINE! AND THERE'S ANOTHER PARTY PLANNED AT THE COUNTY ORPHANAGE..
ORPHANAGE? I GUESS ORPHANS SOMETIMES FEEL AS DESERTED AS MEN IN PRISON. AND I KNOW WHAT THAT'S LIKE.' YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, BATMAN!
HMPH! I'M NOT GOING TO LET SENTIMENT GET THE BEST OF ME.'
THAT'S TOO BAD, BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO FIND A SANTA CLAUS TO TAKE PART IN A CHRISTMAS PLAY AT SAM ARDEN'S THEATER.'
THEATER DID YOU SAY? I'LL DO IT!

AFTER ALL, IT WILL BE KIND OF LIKE ACTING AGAIN!
THAT'S THE STUFF! THE SLEIGH IS FOR THE ORPHANAGE! YOUR COSTUMES AND PACKS ARE STOWED IN IT. NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...
MEANWHILE, IN A LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE, ANTHONY JOCELYN, WILD YOUNG SPENDTHRIFT, WELCOMES HIS TWO COUSINS...
MERRY CHRISTMAS, COUSIN RAYMOND AND COUSIN FRANK!
WHAT'S MERRY ABOUT IT, TONY? DON'T YOU KNOW UNCLE JIM HAS ESCAPED FROM THE ASYLUM AND MAY RUIN THE PACK OF US?
STOP FRETTING, MY DEAR COUSINS.' MY DETECTIVES HAVE LOCATED A MAN RESEMBLING JIM JOCELYN IN A CERTAIN SHABBY ROOMING HOUSE.'
GOOD WORK, TONY.' WE WOULDN'T LIKE TO GIVE UP THE BUSINESS WE'VE BUILT UP WITH UNCLE JIM'S MONEY.'
DITTO FOR ME AND MY BROKERAGE FIRM.'
WE HAVE MILLIONS AT STAKE—MILLIONS UNCLE JIM WOULD WASTE ON FOOLISH CHARITIES! I SEE ONLY ONE WAY TO SAFEGUARD OURSELVES.'
YOU MEAN—MURDER?
SH-H.' DON'T USE THAT WORD! WE CAN MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT.'
ALL RIGHT—I'M IN FAVOR—AS LONG AS WE'RE CAREFUL.'
LET'S GET STARTED.'

AN HOUR LATER...
AN OLD GENTLEMAN? I'VE THREE OF 'EM IN MY HOUSE- BUT THEY'RE ALL PLAYIN' SANTA CLAUS FOR THE KIDDIES TONIGHT!
PERHAPS, DEAR LADY, YOU COULD TELL US WHERE THE ONE CALLED JIM IS DOING HIS PLAYING?
THEY WERE GOIN' TO THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, THE ORPHANAGE AN' MR. ARDEN'S THEATER- BUT, BLESS ME, I DON'T KNOW WHICH WENT WHERE!
HMM... THANK YOU, MY GOOD WOMAN!
LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME!
THAT MEANS WE GO TO ALL THREE PLACES! WE MUST BE THOROUGH- AND RUTHLESS!
KNOWING NOTHING OF GRIM EVENTS TO COME, BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE ALREADY ARRIVED AT THE ORPHANAGE...
IF YOU'LL PLEASE STEP THIS WAY, I'LL SHOW YOU THE PROGRAM WE HAVE ARRANGED!
REMEMBER, ROBIN AND I ARE ONLY INCIDENTAL VISITORS! IT'S SANTA WHO IS TO BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!
WHILE IN AN ASSEMBLY ROOM, SCORES OF EAGER EYES WATCH THROUGH WINDOWS FOR -
SANTA! LOOK- THERE HE IS!
GOLLY- SLEIGH, REINDEER, AN' EVERYTHING!
FUNNY HOW I SEEM TO ENJOY DOING THIS - TILL I REMEMBER HOW MY LIFE WAS WASTED THROUGH NO FAULT OF MY OWN!
APPROACHING THE STEPS, SANTA DOES NOT SEE DIM FIGURES CROUCHED IN THE SHADOW OF THE PORCH..
IT'LL BE NICE, SEEING THE CHILDREN'S EYES SPARKLE WHEN I PASS OUT THE PRESENTS BATMAN BOUGHT!
5

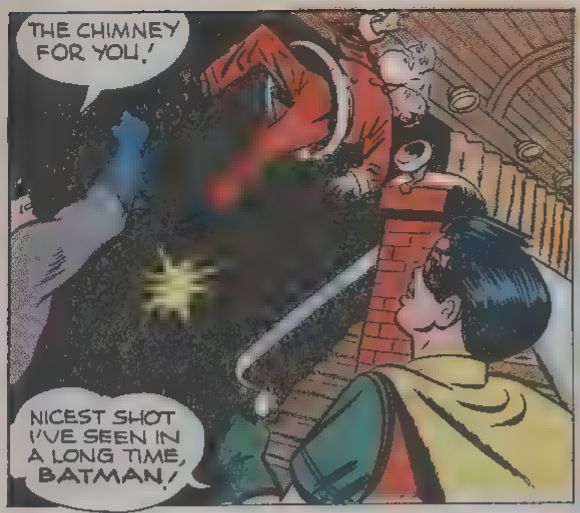
SUDDENLY...
GOT HIM! EMPTY THE TOYS OUT OF THE PACK, FRANK, AND HELP ME STUFF HIM IN!
I'LL PUT ON THE FUR COAT AND SANTA-MASK, AND DRIVE THE SLEIGH! YOU TWO FOLLOW IN THE CAR!
THE WHOLE THING HAS TAKEN ONLY SECONDS- AND THE GETAWAY IS PERFECT!
GO RIGHT ON THROUGH! I WOULDN'T THINK OF HOLDING UP SANDY CLAUS ON HIS BUSIEST NIGHT!
THANKS, OFFICER! DON'T FORGET TO HANG UP YOUR SOCK!
PRESENTLY...
BATMAN! ROBIN!
GEE, IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU! BUT WHY DID SANTA DRIVE UP- AND THEN DRIVE RIGHT AWAY AGAIN?
WHAT?
WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!
THE TOYS DUMPED FROM THE PACK! AND THERE ARE FOOT-PRINTS OF THREE MEN BESIDES SANTA!
THOSE MEN MUST HAVE KIDNAPED HIM! AND IF THEY DID IT HERE, THEY MAY TRY IT AT THE HOSPITAL, TOO! I'LL PHONE THE POLICE TO WATCH OUT!
AT THIS MOMENT IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL..
A DOLLY? FOR ME? OOOHHH-H-H- THANK YOU, SANTA!
BATMAN AND ROBIN ASKED ME ESPECIALLY TO GIVE IT TO YOU, ALICE!
COMING HERE HAS GIVEN ME NEW COURAGE! I MUST RECOVER MY FORTUNE FOR THE SAKE OF THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN I CAN HELP WITH IT!
6

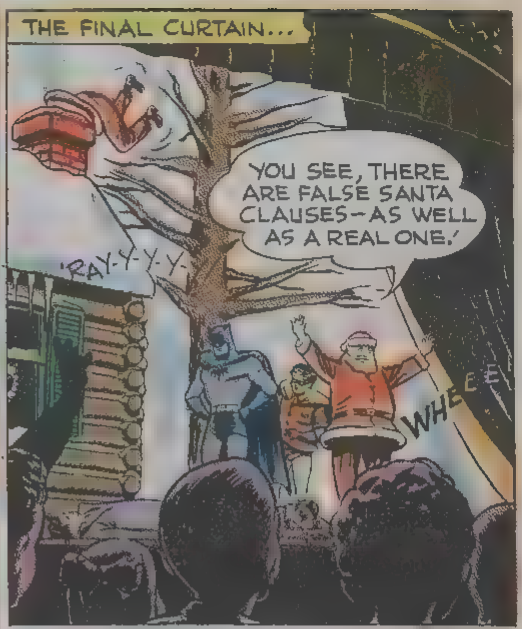
OUTSIDE, AT THE GATES, POLICE WATCH FOR SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING VISITORS- BUT DO NOT SUSPECT THIS ONE!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, OFFICERS! MAY I AND MY TWO HELPERS BACK THERE GO TO THE PARTY?
MERRY CHRISTMAS, SANTA! YOU'RE THE ONE PERSON WE WON'T WORRY ABOUT TONIGHT!
COULD YOU STEP OUTSIDE A MOMENT, SANTA? SOMEONE WANTS TO SEE YOU!
THANK YOU, NURSE! IT'S PROBABLY BATMAN AND ROBIN!
NEXT MOMENT, IN THE DESERTED CORRIDOR..
A PRESENT FOR YOU, SANTA!
HE'S IN THE BAG- PRACTICALLY!
SUDDENLY...
LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
GREAT SCOTT- BATMAN AND ROBIN!
ONE MORE STEP AND YOU DIE - NOT TO MENTION MY FELLOW SANTA CLAUS - AND MAYBE SOME OF THE YOUNGSTERS IN THERE!
EASY, ROBIN! I'M AFRAID THE RATS MEAN WHAT THEY SAY!
THIS'LL KEEP YOU BOTH OUT OF ACTION TILL WE'RE THROUGH!
FOR THE SAKE OF THE SICK CHILDREN AND THE OLD MAN, THE DUO SURRENDERS— AND IN A VACANT ROOM...
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE - BUT I'LL FIND OUT IF IT TAKES ME ALL THE CHRISTMASES OF MY LIFE.

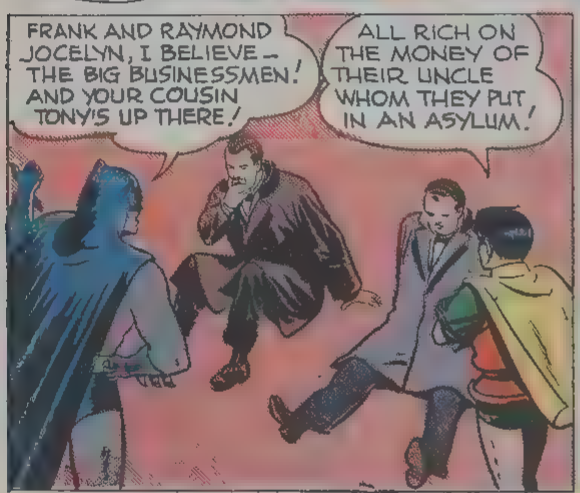
AT THIS TIME, THE CURTAIN CLOSES ON THE FIRST ACT OF A PLAY, "THE SAGA OF SANTA CLAUS," IN THE PRIVATE THEATER OF PRODUCER SAM ARDEN...
IS IT TRUE, SANTA, THAT SOME CHILDREN IN THE WORLD DON'T BELIEVE IN YOU?
SOME OF THEM PRETEND NOT TO, MARY- BUT DEEP IN THEIR HEARTS NEARLY ALL OF THEM BELIEVE! IF THEY DIDN'T, I'D SIMPLY VANISH FROM THE EARTH.
AND AN AUDIENCE OF SLUM CHILDREN APPROVE HEARTILY!
WHEEEE!
HOORAY FOR SANTA!
I WISH MY BIG BRUDDER WAS HERE! HE SAYS DEY AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!
PRODUCER ARDEN CONGRATULATES HIS UNKNOWN STAR...
YOU'RE DOING A NICE JOB, SANTA! ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK YOU'D HAD EXPERIENCE ON THE STAGE!
YOU DON'T SAY!
AND NOW-AN UNSCHEDULED BIT OF DRAMA!
WE'LL RUN THIS SHOW FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES!
WHAT!
I'M SURE YOU'LL COOPERATE-RATHER THAN HAVE US FIRE THROUGH THE CURTAIN INTO YOUR JUVENILE AUDIENCE!
BUT- THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
ONE OF YOU IS JAMES JOCELYN! HE CAN SAVE THE OTHER SANTA CLAUSES TROUBLE- AND PERHAPS THEIR LIVES- BY COMING FORWARD!
SO! I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND!
8

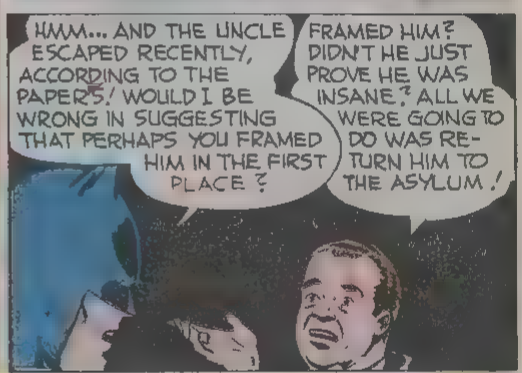
AND HERE, GENTLE READER, WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS AN AMAZING EXHIBITION OF HUMAN NATURE AT ITS BEST!
JIM'S CROOKED RELATIVES WHO FRAMED THAT CHARGE OF INSANITY! THEY MUSTN'T LEARN THE TRUTH!
IF ANYONE DIES, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME! MY TIME IS NEARLY UP, ANYWAY!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS!
YOU'VE GOT ME!
I'M JAMES JOCELYN!
HERE I AM, YOU VULTURES!
WELL, OF ALL THINGS-!
HO, HO, HO, HO! YOU'D THINK THEY WERE CRAZY, INSTEAD OF ME-THINKING THEY'RE JIM JOCELYN!
IT SOUNDS LIKE HIM!
BUT-
THEY SHOULD GO TO THE ASYLUM WHERE I WAS! IF THEY AREN'T MAD ALREADY, THEY'LL GO MAD IN THAT PLACE! HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE ENDED OUR SEARCH FOR THE LOST LUNATIC!
LET US NOW RETURN TO THE HOSPITAL. BATMAN HAS FOUND THAT BY THROWING HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE BANDAGES, HE CAN INCH THE WHEEL-CHAIR FORWARD!
THIS IS HARD WORK - AND SLOW - BUT I DON'T KNOW ANY QUICKER WAY TO GET BACK INTO ACTION!
INVALID CHILDREN ARE TREATED TO A REAL THRILL!
OH-H-H!
GEE - IT'S BATMAN!
OH, BOY - THIS IS EXCITIN'!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOYS AND GIRLS! JUST A LITTLE ESCAPE TRICK I ARRANGED WITH SANTA!
IT WAS GREAT!
9

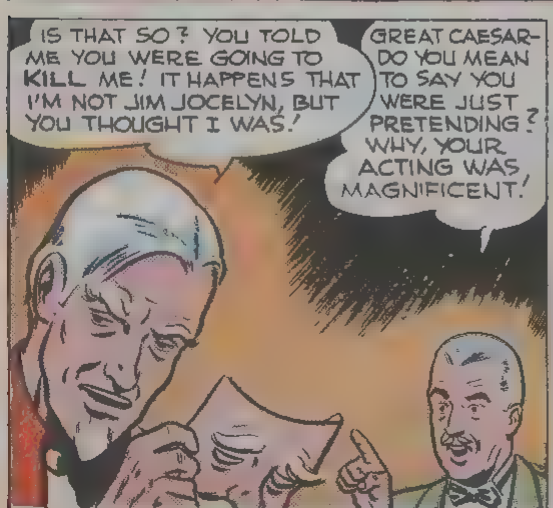
ROBIN IS FREED FROM HIS BONDS... AND, BIDDING A HASTY FAREWELL TO THE HOSPITAL INMATES, THE DYNAMIC DUO STREAKS FOR THE PRIVATE THEATER.
THE CROOKS GOT HERE FIRST! THEY MUST STILL BE INSIDE!
RIGHT! AND TO KEEP THEM FROM PULLING THE SAME ROTTEN STUNT THEY DID LAST TIME, WE'LL MAKE A SURPRISE ENTRANCE!
ON THE STAGE...
HO, HO, HO! THE KEEPERS WILL BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME BACK!
YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK, SANTA CLAUS! WE'RE TAKING CARE OF YOU FOR GOOD!
THE CURTAINS SWING BACK—AND THE WIDE-EYED AUDIENCE GETS A TREAT!
ABRUPTLY...
HOW'S THIS FOR A CURTAIN-RAISING ACT?
HUH?..
BATMAN!
WOW! WHAT A SHOW!
GEE - FOUR SANTA CLAUSES —AND BATMAN —AND ROBIN!
FOR A MINUTE I WAS AFRAID I WAS GOING TO MISS MY CUE!
THANKS, FELLA! I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU SOMETIME!
WHAT'S THE IDEA, RUNNING OFFSTAGE BEFORE THE ACT IS OVER?
SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S GOING TO BE OVER IN ONE SECOND—FOR ME!

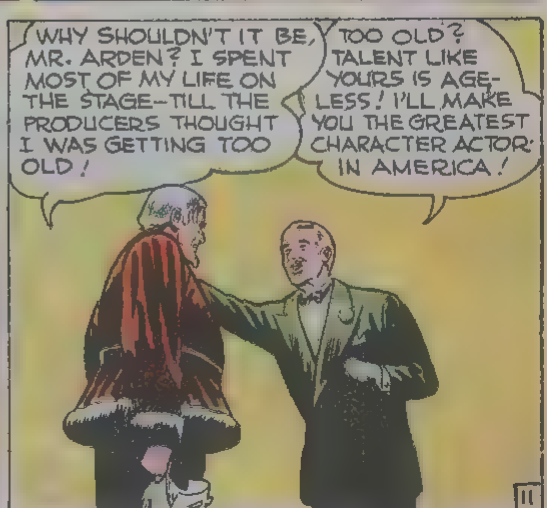

THE CHIMNEY FOR YOU!
NICEST SHOT I'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME, BATMAN!


THE FINAL CURTAIN...
YOU SEE, THERE ARE FALSE SANTA CLAUSES—AS WELL AS A REAL ONE!
'RAY-Y-Y-Y-
WHEE-E-E


FRANK AND RAYMOND JOCELYN, I BELIEVE—THE BIG BUSINESSMEN! AND YOUR COUSIN TONY'S UP THERE!
ALL RICH ON THE MONEY OF THEIR UNCLE WHOM THEY PUT IN AN ASYLUM!


HMM... AND THE UNCLE ESCAPED RECENTLY, ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS! WOULD I BE WRONG IN SUGGESTING THAT PERHAPS YOU FRAMED HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE?
FRAMED HIM? DIDN'T HE JUST PROVE HE WAS INSANE? ALL WE WERE GOING TO DO WAS RE-TURN HIM TO THE ASYLUM!


IS THAT SO? YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO KILL ME! IT HAPPENS THAT I'M NOT JIM JOCELYN, BUT YOU THOUGHT I WAS!
GREAT CAESAR—DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU WERE JUST PRETENDING? WHY, YOUR ACTING WAS MAGNIFICENT!


WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE, MR. ARDEN? I SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE ON THE STAGE—TILL THE PRODUCERS THOUGHT I WAS GETTING TOO OLD!
TOO OLD? TALENT LIKE YOURS IS AGE-LESS! I'LL MAKE YOU THE GREATEST CHARACTER ACTOR IN AMERICA!

I'M JIM JOCELYN- AND IF TRYING TO USE MY FORTUNE TO HELP OTHERS IS A SIGN OF INSANITY, THEN I GUESS I'M INSANE!
I'M AFRAID, UNCLE JIM, THE COURTS WILL FIGURE THAT YOUR BELOVED THREE NEPHEWS ARE THE CRAZY ONES.
SO IT'S A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR TWO OF YOU OLD-TIMERS, AFTER ALL.!
MAYBE I'LL GET A BREAK SOMEDAY, TOO!
PETE, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME A HAND BY BEING MY SECRETARY AND HELPING ME HANDLE MY FORTUNE?
GOSH, MY BREAK CAME SOONER THAN I EXPECTED! THANKS!
NOW WE CAN ALL SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND MEAN IT- AND ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO WE'D HAVE CHOKED ON THE WORDS.
WHY NOT TELL IT TO THE KIDS OUT FRONT?
AND SO...
OF COURSE, YOU YOUNGSTERS KNOW WE'RE ONLY MAKE-BELIEVE SANTA CLAUSES..
BUT THERE IS A REAL ONE- A LIVING SPIRIT THAT BRIGHTENS THE LIVES OF MILLIONS..
AND YOU CAN TAKE IT STRAIGHT FROM US- BECAUSE WE'VE JUST HAD THE FINAL PROOF!
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT, KIDS?
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY!
The END
12

CAN'T FENCE US IN
Henry
IBA
HIS OKLAHOMA AGGIES WERE BASKETBALL'S BEST IN 1944-45
IBA'S 1944-45 "COWBOY" FIVE WON THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASS'N CHAMPIONSHIP. THEN DEFEATED THE NATIONAL INVITATIONAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT WINNER, DE PAUL, FOR OVER-ALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NATION
DON'T GO 'WAY MAD
ALTHOUGH THEY'RE INTERSECTIONAL FAVORITES, THE AGGIES LIKE HOME BEST. GAVE IBA A HOME-GAME WINNING STREAK OF 47 GAMES
NEXT YEAR I'LL BUILD A TEAM OF MIDGETS
I'LL SOON BE IN THE 400
IN 18 YEARS HANK IBA'S TEAMS HAVE WON 384 GAMES, LOST ONLY 95. HIS .802 AVERAGE STANDS AS ONE OF THE FINEST COACHING RECORDS IN THE GAME
"IT'S WHEATIES KEEN FLAVOR THAT HAS ME REACHING FOR THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES PLENTY OFTEN," SAYS CHAMPION COACH IBA. "GOOD NOURISHMENT AND WINNING FLAVOR MAKES A COMBINATION THAT'S HARD TO BEAT. I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT'S TRUE WHEN YOU TRY WHEATIES"
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FOR BOY SCOUTS

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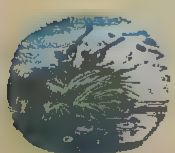

FOR HUNTING

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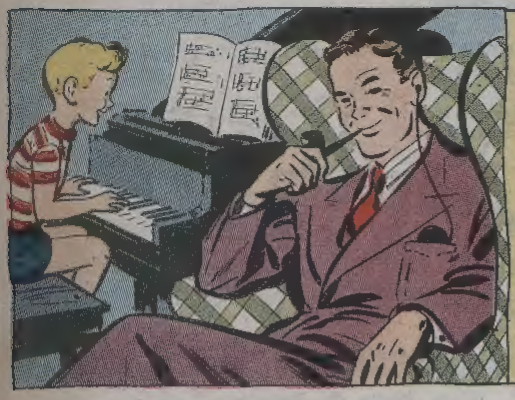
# "VEST POCKET" POWER

## Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these storerooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.

**HANDIE-TALKIE**—five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring, auto racing.



**BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID**—lets Dad hear those first tunes. It is 4¾ by 2½ inches, weighs but 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.

**SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE,** this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, now available.

• An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery—22½ volts of power—nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

*For longer life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!*

EVEREA
TRADE-MARK

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of N

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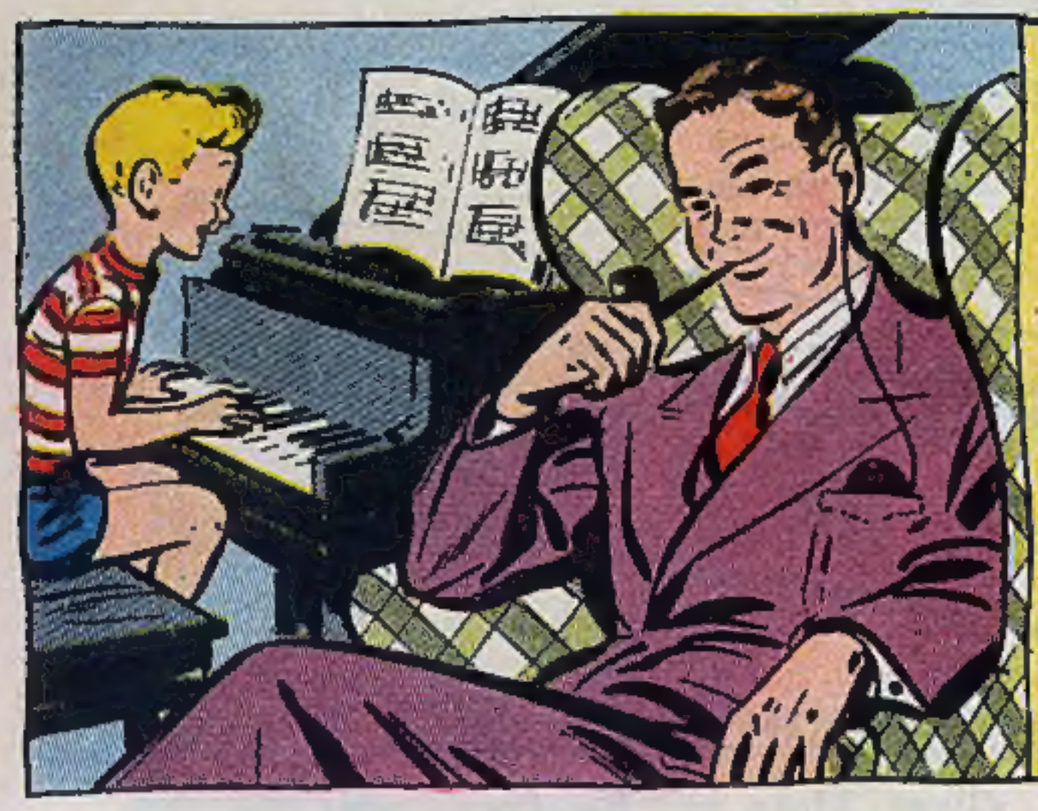

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Old Gold
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DOUBLE CLICK
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THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold
PETTY